

SMOKE
THE CELEBRATED
"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE
WORLD.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND
CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
AT THEIR
BONDED WORKS,
LIVERPOOL,
AND
Retailed by all first-class
Tobacconists at Home and
Abroad.

PEARSON'S

WEEKLY

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

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No. 256.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 15, 1895.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Mild in operation and free from injurious drugs.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

100 Years' Reputation
AS BEING AN
UNEQUALLED
REMEDY
FOR
INDIGESTION
SICK-
HEADACHE
BILIOUSNESS
DEBILITY
STOMACH AND
LIVER
COMPLAINTS.

SPLENDID TONIC. GENTLE APERIENT.

Bottles, 1/11, 2/6, & 11/- each. By all Medical Vendors throughout the World.
Ask for "Norton's Camomile Pills," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.
Prepared by NORTON'S, LIMITED, 21, SPITAL SQUARE, LONDON, E.

OUR NEW ONE-OUNCE TINS ARE NOW ON SALE.

GALLAHER'S "TWO FLAKES" TOBACCO.

SWEET AND COOL. LOVELY AROMA.

THE KING OF PIPE TOBACCOS.
BLENDED FROM THE FINEST AMERICAN LEAF.

Owing to the numerous imitations of this excellent Tobacco, we recommend Smokers to see that they buy it in our 1, 2, and 4oz. decorated Tins, secured by Patent Band.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

With **VENUS SOAP** for your Helpmate you will save Rubbing, have Clothes Whiter, and Home Brighter.

DIRT REMOVED QUICKLY AND NO CHAPPED HANDS.

NOT A RUB IN THE TUB.

VENUS SOAP DOES THE WORK-NOT YOU

VENUS SOAP saves Hand Labour, Cleans Paint, Scrubs Floors, does any Household Washing quickly and effectually.
MAKES LINEN SPOTLESSLY WHITE.

"Cadbury's"

NO CHEMICALS USED.

"The Typical Cocoa of English Manufacture, Absolutely Pure."

The Analyst. (As in many of the so-called Pure Foreign Cocoas.)

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY,

Are selling fast the most wonderful Package of Crockery in the World.

100 PIECES FOR £1 1s.



A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed worth the Guinea alone, consequently a charming China Tea Service and a useful Collection of Crockery are given FOR NOTHING.

Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only satisfied but amazed at the quantity and quality given.

The Secret of the Success.—The Pearson Pottery Company are manufacturers not only of many other advertisements. The Pearson Pottery have nearly 2,000 ft. frontage to the town of Hanley.

Hundreds of these packages are applied for as Wedding or Birthday Presents. And what more useful present can be given. Every item is useful.

The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.

Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed.

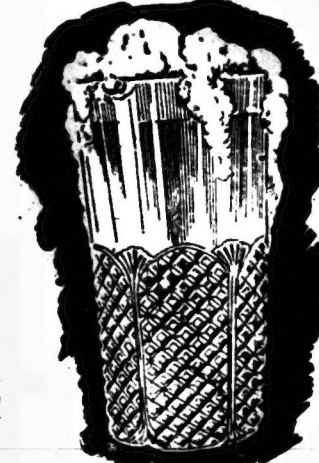
All letters to the
PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY.

MONTSERRAT Lime Fruit Juice.

The LANCET says:

"We counsel the public to drink LIME FRUIT JUICE wherever and whenever they list. It is a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol."

A teaspoonful of Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice in a small glass of water, taken on arising, is better for average humanity than a large quantity of medicine. It costs but about One Shilling for a pint bottle. Not an expensive experiment. Good also as a beverage in place of lemon. Sold everywhere. Druggists and Grocers.



CHIVERS

NUTRITIOUS. DELICIOUS. DIGESTIBLE.

A really well-made Custard is one of the nicest additions possible to the dinner or supper table. It is always appreciated.

PATENT

CHIVERS' CUSTARDS made in a few minutes by simple addition of milk. 2d. packets and 6d. boxes. Of Grocers and Stores.

BLANC MANGES equally delicious and easily made. 2d. packets and 6d. boxes. Of Grocers and Stores.

PROPRIETORS OF THE FIRST ENGLISH FRUIT JAM FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

S. CHIVERS & SONS,

CHIVERS' GOLD MEDAL JELLIES. Delicious, Wholesome, Refreshing.

Prepared in silver-lined pans, flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices. Half-pint, 2d.; pint, 4d.; quart, 6d.

A CHILD by the aid of CHIVERS' SPECIALTIES can make a CUSTARD, a BLANC MANGE or a JELLY, of which any Cook might be proud.

CUSTARDS.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

UNPRECEDENTED SALE MODEL COSTUMES,

DIRECT FROM THE LARGEST FIRM OF COSTUME MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD. OVER 1,000 WELL-PAID WORKERS EMPLOYED IN LIGHT, AIRY WORK-ROOMS, UNDER THE STRICTEST SANITARY SUPERVISION. EVERY GARMENT Meticulously CUT, FINISHED, AND GUARANTEED MADE WITHOUT SWEATING. FOREIGN ORDERS.—Special attention given to all orders from the Colonies and Abroad. The John Noble Costumes have attained unprecedented popularity the wide world over, and hundreds of orders arrive with every issue of *Pearson's Weekly* on application. Hall, while the *John Noble Costumes* are in the hands of the public, will be sold at a **HALF-A-MILLION** per cent. discount. **FREE** to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly* on application. PATTERNS, also "Illustrated Book of the Series," and Fashion Sheet of other Costumes for Ladies' and Children's wear, sent **FREE** to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly* on application. Cheques, Money Orders, and Postal Orders should be sent to **JOHN NOBLE LTD., 11, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.** and made payable to **JOHN NOBLE LTD., MANCHESTER.**

THE JOHN NOBLE Knockabout Frocks

Are indisputably the most marvellous value ever offered for ladies' wear. Every Frock thoroughly well made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with middle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey. These Frocks are just the one thing wanted for a young girl, as they are loose fitting, and allow plenty of freedom for the limbs. Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 ins. Price 1/6 2/ 2/6 3/ 3/6 ea. Lengths 36 39 42 45 ins. Price 4/ 4/6 5/ 5/6 ea. Every purchaser delighted. Postage 1/4 extra.



THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE COSTUME.

A very graceful design, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with middle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey. The whole garment is well made and finished throughout. Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 ins. Price 2/3 2/6 2/9 3/ 3/6 ea. Lengths 36 39 42 45 ins. Price 5/3 5/6 7/ 7/6 ea. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.



THE JOHN NOBLE VELVET TRIMMED COSTUME.

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with middle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. The skirt is trimmed with a deep crossband of black velvet; the middle and cuffs are of black velvet, and the pocket is trimmed with the same. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey. Sizes and prices as follows: Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 ins. Price 2/6 3/0 4/0 5/0 6/0 ea. Lengths 36 39 42 45 ins. Price 7/0 8/0 9/0 10/0 ea. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.



THE JOHN NOBLE Cheviot Serge REEFER OUTFIT.

In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, a navy blue or black, consisting of a double-breasted Reever Jacket, very neatly made and finished, with gilt buttons, and lined through with Italian Cloth; also a Costume with full round skirt, the bodice and skirt being prettily trimmed with rows of white braid. Lengths 21 24 27 inches. Price 6/6 7/6 8/6 each. Lengths 30 33 36 inches. Price 10/0 12/6 14/6 each. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. Please consider that here is offered the Costume complete, together with fashionable Double-breasted Reever Jacket.—The two garments for about the price of one.



Ladies' Costume Skirt.



In the John Noble Cheviot Serge, trimmed two rows handsome. Cheviot braid; the hem is faced in- side with stout linen edge, and protected at the extreme edge with bold cord. A really handsome skirt in black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, tan, or drab. Price 8/11. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

NEW REGISTERED DESIGN. HIGHEST DIPLOMA & GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, British and Colonial Industrial Exhibition, Manchester, October, 1894. Direct from the Largest Firm of Costume Manufacturers in the World at less than Half Ordinary Prices. These Costumes are made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, in black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab, and supplied complete for the ridiculous price of 10/6 each, packed in leather-board box, and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 36 inches round the bust under arms, but larger or special sizes can be made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra. The John Noble Half-Guinea Costumes, the most remarkable value ever produced, have created a complete revolution in the cost of garments for Ladies' wear, and have secured beyond a doubt **10/6** The Admiration of the World. The present design excels all previous ones in every respect. The style is better, the cut is superior, and the make and finish beyond all criticism, thus adding in a triple degree to the already marvellous value of these Costumes, which are trimmed with fine silk cord, and are worn in every part of the civilised world. THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (Regd.) is a fabric of great durability and world-wide fame. It is 32 inches wide, does not spot with rain, and may be washed whenever necessary. Colours: Navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, drab, tan, or black. Every reader can secure a Full Dress Length of Six Yards for 7/6. Sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. **PATTERNS** will be sent **POST FREE** if desired to any reader of *Pearson's Weekly* on application.



LADIES' COSTUME SKIRT.



Improved wide shape, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, untrimmed, well made throughout. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, grey, or drab. Price only 5/6 complete. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. A very neat style in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, trimmed round the extreme edge with a row of new fancy braid, edged gold silk Russia Braid. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, tan, or drab. Price only 6/11. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Ladies' Costume Skirt.



An extremely pretty and effective design, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, gathered back with broad box pleat each side, trimmed in front with graduated perpendicular rows of new fancy braid continued horizontally round the back; the skirt is protected at the extreme edge with silk worsted cord, and may be had in black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, grey, tan, or drab. Price 9/6. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

JOHN NOBLE LTD., THE WAREHOUSE, 11, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

THE JOHN NOBLE OPEN COAT COSTUME.



Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and consisting of smart full width tailor-made skirt, and stylish well-cut out-door jacket, latest style, with square collar, not revers, and specially designed to remain fastened or open. Made in three sizes and will fit any figure from 34 ins. to 40 ins. round bust under arms; skirts 40 ins. long. Larger sizes 1/6 extra. Colours: Navy, Electric Blue, Bronze Green, Fawn, Grey, or Black. Price only **10/6** each. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

THE JOHN NOBLE COSTUME FOR YOUNG MISSSES.



A new style that has quite taken the public fancy. The Costume is in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and the bodice is made with prettily gathered front, full fashionable sleeves, shaped belt, and fastens up the back. The skirt is trimmed with four rows of narrow black each. Braid: the cuffs, collar, and belt of bodice being trimmed similarly. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, bronze green, ruby, tan, drab, or grey. Lengths 36 42 inches Price 6/6 7/ Lengths 48 50 inches Price 7/0 8/0 The lengths stated above are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front. Each Costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

Model 223. COSTUME FOR YOUNG LADIES.



Young Ladies' Fashionable Costume, in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, trimmed Russia Braid on Skirt and Bodice. The Bodice is made with stand-up collar, full gathered cuffs, full sleeves, new shape epaulettes, and Swiss Belt. Colours: Black, navy, brown, myrtle, ruby, bronze green, tan, grey, or drab. Lengths 36 42 ins. Price 7/6 8/6 Lengths 48 50 ins. Price 9/6 10/0 The lengths stated above are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front. Each Costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

LADIES' POPULAR SUIT.



Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, in Navy, Electric Blue, Bronze Green, Brown, Fawn, Grey, or Black. Suit consists of newest shape open coat with full sleeves, fashionable revers and pockets all trimmed tailor stitching; also full gracefully-cut skirt, trimmed to match coat, and bound in velvet binding at extreme edge. Ordinary stock sizes fit any figure from 34 ins. to 40 ins. round bust. The skirts being 36, 40, or 42 ins. long. Larger sizes 1/6 extra. Price only 15/- each. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra.

A WARNING.—Readers are specially cautioned against buying any Costumes represented as the manufacture of John Noble Ltd., from travellers, agents, or shops. Many very inferior imitations of these world-famed Costumes are just now being offered—produced in inferior materials in order to sell them at the same price; but as John Noble Ltd. have no agents, no travellers, no branches or shops, intending purchasers are advised to post their orders direct, and to remember that for quality of material, stylish shapes, perfection of make and finish, combined with great durability, the John Noble Model Costumes are far ahead of anything else in the market.

JOHN NOBLE LTD., The Warehouse, 11, Piccadilly, MANCHESTER.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

There was a FRESH AIR FUND COLLECTING FORM in your copy of P.W. the week before last. May I respectfully inquire after its well-being?

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 256.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EXCH.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 15, 1895.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]

THE WORLD'S MANY WAYS.

It's a wonderful world, this of ours,
With all its vain pomp and show,
With all its wisdom and learning rare,
With all its wants and its woe.

It's a curious world, this of ours,
With its love, and hate, and scorn,
With its cups of woe, and cups of bliss,
With its hopes bright and forlorn.

It's a hardened world, this of ours,
With all its jokes and its sneers,
With its wealth and thorns of misery,
With its grandeur and its tears.

It's a merciless world, this of ours,
With its hunger, cold, and pain,
With its sad tales of weal and woe,
With its haughty, hard disdain.

It's a beautiful world, this of ours,
With all its music and song,
With all its pleasure and all its sighs,
With all its gayness and wrong.

It's a fast-going world, this of ours,
With its many ups and downs,
With its happy days and days of gloom,
With its fortunes, smiles, and frowns.

THE HEIGHT OF THE OCEANS.

ALL oceans vary in depth, and therefore in height, there being valleys and plains in the sea just in the same way as the variations of level are found on the land.

The level of each ocean, however, has till recently been thought to be uniform, except in respect of the tidal wave caused by the attraction of the moon and the other heavenly bodies.

According to the latest opinions of scientists, the several oceans vary in height wherever there are vast masses of land on their borders rising to considerable heights above them, these huge masses of earth pulling or drawing the sea towards them under the laws of gravitation, and raising the level of the ocean in their vicinity.

It has been calculated that, owing to the attractive power of the South American continent near Callao, the surface of the South Sea must be 155 yards higher than the water three or four hundred miles from the coast. If, then, that power of attraction were ever to cease, the waters of the sea would retreat, and leave the coast standing 155 yards high above the new surface of the water.

NICELY PAID OUT.

A SMART lawyer was sitting in his office the other week when a stranger appeared at the door and said: "Beg pardon, but can you tell me where Smith's office is?"

"Yes, sir—next door."

The stranger uttered his thanks and passed to the next door, which was locked. Returning to the lawyer he observed:

"Smith seems to be out."

"Of course he is. If you had asked that question in the first place I should have answered it by telling you so."

The visitor had a troubled look on his face as he passed out of the building, but that look was gone when he returned next day and inquired of the lawyer:

"How much will you charge me for a verbal opinion in a little matter?"

"Six and eightpence."

The case was stated and the opinion given, and the stranger was moving away when the lawyer said:

"My fee, please."

"I haven't a farthing to pay you!"

"You haven't?"

"Of course not. If you had asked me that question in the first place I should have answered by telling you so. Good morning, sir!"

All rights reserved.]

CITY AND COUNTRY CATS.

THERE exist many points of difference between country and city cats. The country cats are larger and heavier than those of the city. This superior weight is easily attributable to the diet of small field animals and birds which it enjoys.

But there are other peculiarities of difference, which are not so attributable to diet. For instance, the colour of the country cat is generally either grey or tortoiseshell, the commoner colour being grey. On the other hand, the predominating colour among city cats is black.

In the next place the colour of the eyes in city and country cats is found to be very different, the latter leaning largely to grey and green, while the city cat's eyes are mostly yellow, and having far more glitter than those of their country cousins.

In the matter of tails, too, there is a difference, the city cat's tail being much longer and carried more nearly on a level than that of the country cat. The country cat's paws are much flatter, broader, and softer than the town cat's, the pads of the former being like velvet, and those of the latter like rubber.

ONE TO JOHNNY.

JOHNNY was a very dull sort of lad, his father could make nothing of him, so he determined to send him away to his uncle's in the country, who he thought would be sure to sharpen him up a bit.

Johnny arrived in due course, and was shown all over the farm by his uncle, who lost no time in impressing on his mind the necessity of wearing old things out first before commencing on anything new.

Johnny seemed to take it all in very quietly, and the next morning the following conversation took place:

"Now, Johnny," said his uncle, "when you have finished your breakfast I want you to go down to the meadow and bring one of the two horses I showed you yesterday."

"Yes, uncle," said Johnny; "which am I to bring—the old 'un or the young 'un?"

"Now, Johnny," said the uncle, more in sorrow than in anger, "what did I tell you yesterday? How soon you forget! Why, bring the old one, of course. Always wear the old ones out first."

"Oh, well, if that's it," said Johnny, "hadn't you better go and fetch him?"

PEOPLE'S KITCHENS.

It is twenty-two years ago since the City of Vienna set a good example to all the world by organising a system of people's kitchens, whose object was to supply to the poorer class of working people food of excellent quality, cooked after the most approved methods, and served amid clean, bright, wholesome surroundings at the exact cost of rent, service, and materials. The enterprise was a private one, and its chief promoter was Dr. Kuhn, who has ever since been at its head.

Dr. Kuhn receives no salary. The members of the Board all give their services. The only paid officials are two kitchen inspectors, retired officers, who are employed four hours a day, and see that everything in the kitchen goes on with true military precision. They also test and weigh the food, dealing it out in equal portions.

Great care is taken to have the dining-rooms pleasant, the tables nicely set with clean, white table-cloths, the rooms well heated in winter and cool and well-aired in summer.

When the receipts fall below expenses the portions are somewhat reduced; when they rise above expenses the quantity of food is increased. There is no thought of profits or dividends.

These kitchens exist in other German cities, but the most prosperous ones are conducted on Dr. Kuhn's plan. He has organised more than a dozen of them. Through his wise plans and efforts thousands of Vienna working people with very small wages dine well every day. A good dinner may be had for fourpence. Special dinners for school children are provided at one penny apiece.

Steps are being taken for the establishment of these kitchens in London, and Dr. Kuhn offers to provide helpers trained under his system.

DO YOU WANT A SIX-GUINEA WATCH?



If you do, here's your opportunity. On a piece of paper put your name and address and the best reason you can think of why a watch should be presented to you. Your reason may be humorous or pathetic, sensible or foolish, but it must not be more than twenty words in length. What we consider the cleverest reason will take the watch.

The one and only condition made is that your entry shall be accompanied by a shilling P.O. for the FRESH AIR FUND, or, of course, if you like to give two or more reasons, and send a shilling with each attempt, you are at perfect liberty to do so, and each of your reasons will stand an equal chance for the prize.

And now about the watches we are offering. They are "Silver Keyless English Levers, crystal glass, dome case, chronometer balance, jewelled in eight ruby holes," and I am not exaggerating when I say that they are watches that anybody, no matter how rich or how fastidious, would be pleased to wear. They are of the very best make, and are guaranteed by the manufactures for a period of five years. Each watch is accompanied by a written warranty to this effect. One of these splendid watches will be given away every week throughout the summer, and each successful competitor will find his or her name beautifully engraved within the case of the timepiece he has won.

And to earn one of these watches what have you to do? (1) Think of a reason why you should have a watch, and write this on a piece of paper with your name and address. That won't take very long, or put you to much trouble. (2) And inclose one shilling for the Fresh Air Fund. This will not be a very terrible drain upon your resources. Besides, you couldn't spend money better. Every one of your twelve pennies will go straight to the Fresh Air Fund, and you may be quite certain that the poor children who benefit by it will enjoy more happiness from your shilling than you could possibly give to yourself.

If you could only realise this your own happiness would be increased, and, watch or no watch, your shillings would come freely.

Competition for Watch No. 1 closes on Tuesday, June 18th. Envelopes to be marked "Watch."

"I AM a broken man," said the poet.

"So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "You say you haven't had anything to eat to-day?"

Tramp: "Lady, if you believe me, the only thing I've swallowed to-day is insult."

THEY expected the hot weather, and were discussing lemonade.

Tommy: "Ah, you should see the funny way that Mr. Smith and Clara make lemonade."

Mother: "How, darling?"

"Why—it's no good, Clara—why, Clara holds the lemon, and Mr. Smith squeezes her."

JONES: "What a terrible perverter of the truth that fellow Smith is to be sure. That last yarn he spun us was a most artificial lie."

Brown: "Do you think so? I don't."

"Why not?"

"Why, you could see through that in a moment, but, you can't see through an artificial eye, you know."

P.W. is worth taking for its insurance advantages alone. Pay a penny and you can be insured for a week for nearly half a million pennies.

THE GREAT D. M. S. LOTTERY

AND THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN IT.

By JOAN BARRETT.

INTRODUCTION.

The Dead Men's Shoes Club consists of seven members, each of whom pays £1,000 on admittance, the total sum to go to the last survivor. Kimenes Pamendez, one of the seven, is overcome by greed for this money, and compasses the death of George Pallister, a fellow-member.

No II.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

With her hand upon the knob of the drawing-room door, Mrs. Chichester listened and hesitated. She heard two voices, one sweet, full, and musical, the voice of her ward, Beatrix North; the other, low and deep, was the voice of her only child, Captain Clive Chichester, a member of the Dead Men's Shoes Club.

Mrs. Chichester regretted at that moment that she had ordered the footman to remove the plants in the hall. A wild desire to place her ear against the keyhole swept over her.

Surely Beatrix was whispering now, and had not Clive's voice sunk very much? Was he asking Beatrix to become his wife?

"Oh, I hope he is!" said Mrs. Chichester to herself, as she moved softly away.

Her little boudoir joined the drawing-room. She entered the cosy apartment and tried to interest herself in a new novel. But she could not read. In spite of her efforts to concentrate her thoughts upon the book in her hand, they persisted in wandering, and at length she threw the novel away. A fictitious love story seemed very dull and uninteresting just now, when she was praying for the realisation of a long cherished hope that her son and Beatrix should fall in love with each other.

That Beatrix loved Clive Mrs. Chichester was sure. It was Clive whose strange conduct occasioned his mother such keen anxiety. It was that of a man afraid to make a plunge; but the conduct of a man in love all the same. And Beatrix was just the wife for him; rich, not too pretty, and possessing a sweet, amiable nature. Opening the door, Mrs. Chichester listened again. At that moment she heard the door-bell, and she started nervously.

Passing swiftly to the footman, who was crossing to open the door, she whispered imperiously:

"No matter who it may be, I am not at home, John."

She returned to the boudoir and picked up her rejected book.

"What a long while they are!" she cried, impatiently.

"I wonder if I dare disturb them now?" As she laid the book once more upon the table she caught the sound of Clive's voice raised in hearty greeting. The words:

"My dear fellow!" fell upon her ears. In a moment she understood what had happened. Some friend of Clive's, hearing that he had returned home, had called upon him.

Mrs. Chichester knit her pale brows. She had not thought to tell the servant that her son was not at home to visitors. But she was angry with John all the same.

"A good servant would have known," she said, angrily. She smoothed the wrinkle from her brow as Beatrix came into the room, and she tried to smile at her ward.

"Clive has a visitor," said Beatrix. "A dark, rather handsome man, with a queer name. Pamendez, or something similar, I think."

"What ever induced that horrid man to come worrying Clive to-day?" exclaimed Mrs. Chichester, so irritably that Beatrix glanced at her in surprise.

"He had heard of Clive's return from India," said she, "and, being an old friend—"

Mrs. Chichester shrugged her shoulders. "I detest the man, with his sleepy eyes and snake-like movements. And he can't really be a pleasant person. His ideas are too ghouliah for that. Oh, you know what I mean," she added. "You remember my speaking to you about the horrible lottery that he induced Clive to join just before the lad started for India. He calls it 'The Dead Men's Shoes Lottery,' and each member pays down a thousand pounds upon entering. The last survivor inherits all the money. To me the idea is simply revolting."

Beatrix smiled, looking at Mrs. Chichester with grave, wistful eyes. She understood Mrs. Chichester's wishes, and also how far they were from fulfilment.

"I do wish!" exclaimed Mrs. Chichester, "that Clive were married. Single men are continually committing imprudences that married men never dream of. Now, this Lottery—" she paused, and peeped questioningly at Beatrix's calm, pale face. "Oh, my dear!" she said, impulsively, "how happy I should be if Clive—if you—"

She paused, chilled by the sudden coldness of Beatrix's almost haughty regard. "You would like me to marry," said Beatrix, abruptly, "and you would feel glad if Clive also married. Why don't you look out for a husband for me, and for a wife for Clive?" She laid her hand caressingly upon Mrs. Chichester's shoulder. "We shall never find a life-companion for ourselves. Clive is not a marrying man, and I am quite sure that I am not a marrying woman."

Bending, she kissed Mrs. Chichester. "Dear auntie," she whispered, "some wishes are never realised in this world."

Her voice and manner changed. She glanced at her watch.

"If you can spare me," she said, lightly, "I should like to run out and visit Mabel Suter for an hour or so. I shall be back before dinner."

Mrs. Chichester felt relieved when Beatrix had left her. The girl's absence would leave her free to have an explanation with Clive. She sat down and thought the matter over with a perplexed expression upon her pretty face.

"I've a great mind to tell Clive that Beatrix is in love with him," she thought. "Men are always flattered at the idea of a woman entertaining a tender passion for them, and Clive is like the majority of his sex—only ten times more chivalrous. He would feel bound to propose to Beatrix if he believed that she loved him."

The boldness of her plan frightened her a little. She placed her ward's portrait upon the tea-table at her side. Its presence would give her an excuse for mentioning Beatrix.

She heard Clive talking to his friend in the hall, then the sound of the door closing, and the next moment her tall, bronzed son was bending over her shoulders.

"Pamendez has just called," said he. "He wants me to join him in a walking tour. We think of starting the day after to-morrow."

Mrs. Chichester's fingers trembled with indignation as they moved among the dainty china. That detestable man! As if it was not bad enough that he should interrupt a *little-dittle* between Clive and Beatrix, without trying to take Clive away!

"Anyone would really think that the wretch had divined my wish, and was anxious to baulk its fulfilment!" she thought in her vexation.

The full sleeve of her tea-gown swept Beatrix's portrait upon the carpet. Clive stooped for it, picked it up and looked at it with an expression of interest in his fine face.

"Those plain girls are always being photographed," said he carelessly as he replaced the photograph near his mother. "The reason must be found in the fact that they generally look so much better." He paused with a laugh. His mother was frowning at him.

"Beatrix has lovely eyes," she declared, coldly. "You are the only person of my acquaintance who has called her plain—at least in my hearing."

Clive glanced at the portrait again. The girl's pictured eyes looked up at him with a strange, wistful expression in their depths, very much as Beatrix might have regarded him actually had she heard his unkind criticism.

"Some uninteresting-looking girls have a way of making a man forget their lack of good looks when he's talking to them," said he. "Miss North is one of them. She's a nice girl, very nice, indeed," and thinking that he had amply atoned for his previous remark by these concessions, Clive pushed the photograph further from him, and smiled affectionately at his mother. "I wonder that you have not lost her long ago," he added. "It is not often that a girl so rich as Beatrix hangs on hand, is it?"

Mrs. Chichester made an impatient movement that sent her widow's cap on one side of her head.

"I do wish you would not talk of Beatrix as though she were an article exposed for sale!" she cried. "It is her own fault if she has not married. She has not lacked the opportunity. No girl in London has had more offers than she has since she came to me." She looked at Clive and hesitated. "The fact is," she said, in a confidential tone, as she bent forward to him, "she has an attachment—to a gentleman of our acquaintance, and unless he asks her to become his wife I very much fear that Beatrix will never marry."

Clive raised his fair eyebrows, but he betrayed small interest in the matter.

"Oh! these men!" thought his mother. "A woman would have said something that must have got me out of my difficulty at once."

She drew her chair nearer to Clive.

"It is such a pity," she said, softly, "because the man is a most suitable match in every way. Not quite so rich, perhaps, as Beatrix; but, then, she has plenty for both. And it is the greater pity because I believe that—the man cares for Beatrix, but cannot make up his mind to speak to her."

"You would like her to marry him?" asked Clive.

He was merely desirous to gratify his mother by evincing a fictitious interest in Beatrix and her affairs, but Mrs. Chichester, desperately anxious to catch hold of the smallest straw that blew her way, jumped at once to the conclusion that Clive had grasped her meaning and understood to whom she had referred.

"Indeed, indeed I should!" she cried with fervour.

"Then, my dear mother," said he, "why don't you tackle the man yourself? Of course, you can't ask him plainly why he is hanging back, but it must be very easy for a woman to make a man understand in a delicate manner that he need have no fear of a refusal from the lady he loves."

Mrs. Chichester stretched out one white hand and laid it upon her son's arm. Her eyes were shining with delight. Not the faintest doubt but what Clive comprehended her fully crossed her mind.

"Ask her, Clive," she whispered. "You will not meet with a refusal, my boy."

In his amazement the Captain allowed his mother's hand to remain upon his coat-sleeve. For a second he stared at her pretty, agitated face, speechless with consternation.

"She loves you, Clive," Mrs. Chichester began. The Captain sprang to his feet, jerking her hand roughly away.

"Hush," he exclaimed. "Not another word, mother! There has been a misunderstanding between us! I never guessed that you were referring to me. Do you suppose that I should have permitted you to continue had I known?" And as his mother took a step towards him with piteous disappointment and entreaty written in every line of her features, he added, "you might have known that my heart has been dead to all women for—many years!"

Mrs. Chichester drew herself up proudly. A flush of anger dyed her pale cheeks.

"Is it possible that you—my son—can still care for a girl who jilted you!" she said, contemptuously.

Captain Chichester crimsoned. The hot colour died away, leaving him very pale. "Mother, mother!" he entreated, "let us drop the subject. I merely desired to make you realise that I can never love again. My faith in the honour of woman is dead. It can never be rekindled into life."

"An organist's daughter!" said she, bitterly. "A girl of the people! For shame, Clive." He turned away, moving towards the door. His mother, watching him in cold silence, suddenly took a rapid step after him. Her face had grown white also. "If Kitty Darrell had not broken her word," she cried, breathlessly, "if—if—oh, Clive, turn your head from me for a moment—if she had been induced to leave the place by someone who was anxious that you should not marry beneath you—what then, Clive—would that knowledge of her innocence alter your views of women?"

He turned fiercely upon her, and caught her by the wrists. She shrank back with a moan of pain, frightened at the cruel expression in his eyes.

"You hurt me, my dear," she murmured, plaintively.

He shook her, regardless of her terror.

"Tell me the truth, mother," he insisted. "Did you send Kitty away?"

She trembled, almost falling to the ground with fear.

"Answer!" he commanded, as though he were speaking to an insubordinate soldier.

She raised her eyes.

"Yes. I made her leave the village," she answered, with an odd accent of triumph in her quivering tones.

Her son threw her from him, looking at her with contempt.

"May God forgive you," he said. "Never expect me to."

She heard him march from the room. Her wrists were sore and aching. She looked piteously at the livid marks that the pressure of her son's fingers had left upon her soft white flesh.

"My boy! My boy!" she whispered.

Her cap had fallen upon the ground, and her beautifully arranged grey hair was rough and disordered. She caught sight of herself in a mirror, and was frightened. Hurriedly she replaced her cap, and smoothed the crimped bands of hair that showed beneath its daintily frilled border.

"Oh, Clive," she said sadly to herself, with her eyes still fixed upon her bruised wrists. "Some day you will forgive me! But when you are Beatrix's husband, and she has succeeded in making you happy, I do not think that I shall deceive you. It is best that you should continue to believe in the fiction that I have invented."

Suddenly her pale face grew livid. She drew in her breath, looking old and haggard as a terrible thought occurred to her.

"Oh, what have I done?" she cried, wildly. "I have restored his faith in Kitty at the expense of my own honour! Clive will never respect his mother again!"

Kimenes Pamendez looked curiously at his companion as they took their seats in the canvas theatre that occupied quite a prominent part in the market square. Outside he heard the din and hubbub of the fair, the noisy scream of the roundabouts, the harsh tones of a man calling attention to the acrobatic feats of a miserable child-girl, the beating of a drum advertising a penny show, and the loud voice of a vendor shouting lustily:

"Coker-nuts, fine co-ker-nu-tts!"

"What a pandemonium, hey?" he said.

His smile was nervous, and his heavy lids twitched with curious frequency.

Captain Chichester nodded, pulling his moustache restlessly. He was thinking of his mother's confession, and asking himself what had become of Kitty. His heart was filled with harsh bitterness towards his mother. Her conduct was as inexcusable as it was unworthy of her.

"Kitty must be found," he thought to himself. "She must be told that I had no hand in the infamous affair."

Of course she was married now, and very likely she had forgotten the romance which had taken place in a little Devonshire village four years ago. The Captain leant back in his uncomfortable seat, and gave himself up to memories of the past. He saw Kitty as she came shyly through the sun-dappled meadows to meet him, with her broad-brimmed hat tilted over eyes that were to him the sweetest eyes in the world. He heard her voice again as she whispered gently that she was not fit to become his wife—she who was but a poor organist's daughter. He saw the big tears trembling on her lashes. He remembered the very words with which he had comforted and reassured her. He had promised to marry her. She would be his wife now if it had not been for his mother's unjustifiable interference.

It tortured him to think that Kitty had gone away, perhaps believing that he no longer cared for her, that he had only been amusing himself through those long, sweet summer days. She had suffered as he had suffered. He had thought her unfaithful. What had she thought of him?

He regretted now that he had not asked his mother for more information. It was foolish of him to leave the house, and to join Pamendez in this walking tour without telling his mother where he was going. But his greatest annoyance lay in the reflection that this man at his side knew the story that for the past four years had embittered his life. Why had he opened his lips? For four years he had nourished his pain in silence, only to break his reserve in a moment of peculiar expansion. He could not understand his own conduct. What strange power did Pamendez possess to enable him to force men's secrets from them?

He glanced from Pamendez's expressionless dark face to the stage, a miserable construction of chintz-covered boards shaped like a large box, and containing a couple of chairs and a table.

A girl was just coming forward to sing. He heard a suppressed titter from the burly farmers and their sweethearts. A voice near him exclaimed:

"Is it alive?"

The laughter broke out afresh, and the Captain cast a commiserating glance at the poor girl whose unfortunate appearance had excited such an unfeeling outbreak of mirth. She stood near the tinkling piano with downcast head, a timid, dejected-looking creature, dressed in a shabby blue gown of scanty and insufficient material. Her long, thin arms hung straight at her sides like two sticks, and beneath the gauze that covered her chest the sharp outline

of her collar-bone was visible. Half-starved, ill, and miserable, she stood there and heard the low tittering that passed from seat to seat.

"What a shame!" murmured Pamendez, quick to read the pity in his companion's face. "The poor thing is in a dying condition."

The girl began to sing. Her voice was so weak and faint that the words were inaudible. The pianist drowned the feeble sound in a sharp rattle of chords. As the girl began the second verse of her song a big countryman sitting next to the Captain called out encouragingly:

"I say, miss, tune up a bit 'igher."

A roar of coarse laughter echoed through the tent. The girl raised her eyes and looked straight across at Captain Chichester. Pamendez felt him start, and saw him bend suddenly forward.

There was no recognition in the girl's sad eyes. Her lips quivered, and for a moment she looked as though she must burst into tears. As she stood there, listening in silent submission to the hisses that now mingled with the laughter, a brutal-looking man came forward, took her by the hand, and jerked her off the stage. At the same moment a stout woman bounded upon the boards and burst into a comic song.

Captain Chichester had risen, and was forcing his way out. His face felt hard and drawn. People made way for him, wondering at the strange expression in the man's blood-shot eyes.

"Kitty! Kitty!" he was saying to himself. "Good Heavens, can it be my Kitty!"

His feet took him to the back of the tent. As he pushed aside the ragged curtain that partitioned off the dressing-room from the theatre, he heard a man's voice raised in loud anger.

"I say again that you must clear out. You can't say that I ain't giv you a fair trial. Why, there ain't a manager in the whole blessed world as 'ud keep you. It's like this, my gal, I can't have no laughing stock in my show. When I wants my public to laugh, why, I sends on the comic man. You must leave, and that's all about it."

She was sitting upon an up-turned egg-box with her thin arms folded on her knees, and her dragged skirts sweeping the dirty floor, a picture of unutterable despair. Captain Chichester drew nearer, motioning the man to leave them alone.

"I know the lady," he said, harshly, "I wish to speak with her."

Kitty turned her head, looked at Captain Chichester for one brief second, and then hid her face in her hands, with a low faint cry.

"Kitty, Kitty!" he whispered. "Oh, my poor child! My poor little girl!"

She made no sound. He saw her spare chest heave, and knew by the movement of her thin shoulders that she was crying.

"I meant to marry you, Kitty," he said. "I—I—it was my mother who separated us. She has only just confessed it, and all this long while I have been harbouring unjust, hard thoughts of you. What must you have thought of me?"

She stifled her cough in a ragged morsel of cambric, looking at the soldier before her with lack-lustre eyes.

"I could not understand it somehow," she replied, in a faint whisper. "I believed that you—that your mother had showed you—how—how—you could never make me your wife. But I would have tried hard to please you. I told her so—she—she laughed at me."

Her head dropped again.

"So I went away," she continued in the same barely audible whisper. "And then dad died, and I tried to get my living by singing. They say, the doctors, that I caught cold, and now I'm ill, oh, Clive, so ill, so ill!"

Captain Chichester's grey face twitched as he took her thin hand. His duty was clear to him. "I asked you to marry me a long time ago," he said, in a constrained manner. "To-day I ask you the same question. Let me atone for my mother's cruelty if I can—let me make you my wife."

"To marry you!" she repeated vacantly. "I!"

Captain Chichester tightened his hold upon her hand. "Kitty," he said, "tell me that there is nothing in your past life which prevents your becoming my wife?"

She pulled her hand away, the flush of an honest resolution staining the hollows of her pallid cheeks.

"Oh, Clive," she began, brokenly, just as Pamendez stepped quietly into the room. His eyes met Kitty's. Her lids drooped beneath the terrible menace in the man's face. She turned to Clive, but she did not look at him. "There is nothing, nothing!" she repeated, faintly.

Did he check a sigh? Had a hope stirred his pulses that this poor faded creature would have answered his questions in a different manner? And why did Beatrice's sweet, pure face suddenly rise before him?

"Pamendez," he said, with an effort, "let me introduce you to my future wife."

And so it came to pass that the Dead Men's Shoes Lottery lost another member.

Pamendez pointed out to his friend the impossibility of his continuing to live in England after his marriage with Kitty Darrell.

"And, of course, old man, you'll like to cut everything and everybody connected with your past life," he said, in his genial manner. "I can talk the other members round to buying your share in our tontine, you know. Only, naturally, you'll lose a bit of money over the transaction."

Captain Chichester sold out both of the army and the lottery. When he reached the docks in company with his wife, the day that he set out for the New World, Pamendez was waiting to bid them God-speed.

"Mind that you never let your husband know how I let you into the secret," he whispered to Kitty, while the Captain was bidding farewell to another old friend. "If the old woman writes and retracts her statement about separating you four years ago, don't let him believe her. The fact that she has told one lie already will make her son

take your word before hers. And, above all, not one word about my advertising for you. Never let him know that I had seen and talked with you before he saw you in the theatre."

Kitty looked at him with infinite sadness in her poor, sunken eyes.

"Have no fear," she answered.

"And may luck go with you," said Pamendez. "Keep a still tongue in your head about certain matters, and you'll be a happy woman yet."

Kitty turned away from him.

"Can I be happy?" she said. "I who have lent myself to deceiving the best and noblest man who ever lived? Oh, God!" she murmured below her breath, "make me good! Help me to atone for the wrong that I have done."

"Two the less," thought Pamendez, as the boat slipped from the moorings. "There are only four to be reckoned with now before the money in the tontine becomes mine."

The woman who had assisted him in banishing Clive Chichester stood by her husband's side, and watched him as he waved his handkerchief towards a little group of people on the shore. She did not know that he was thinking of another woman, and that mentally he was bidding Beatrice good-bye for ever.

She saw his lips move. At that moment he was praying as fervently as she had prayed to become good that Kitty might never discover that in making her his wife he had but settled an account with his honour.

(No. III. next week.)

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

LAST spring, while a party of tourists were fishing up North, a well-known lawyer lost his gold watch from the boat in which he was sitting.

Last week he made another visit to the lakes, and during the first day's sport caught an eight-pound trout. His astonishment can be imagined when he found his watch lodged in the throat of the trout.

The watch was running and the time correct. It being a "stem-winder," the supposition is that in masticating his food the fish wound up the watch daily.

A WHISTLING SEA-ROVER.

THERE are several whistling buoys now drifting about in eccentric fashion with the currents and storms of the North Atlantic. Two of them are still whistling, according to the logs of steamships that arrived last month.

The most notable of the lot was originally anchored by a heavy chain cable at Cape Canso, the extreme easterly point of Nova Scotia. This buoy has a shrill whistle which has been blowing since December, 1893, and has doubtless caused many mariners who have encountered the buoy on dark nights or foggy days to think that they were out of their reckoning, and to be fearful for a moment for their vessels.

The track of this phenomenal drifter is longer than that of some famous derelicts. It has been seen fourteen times by ocean-crossing vessels. The probability is that this record might be doubled if all craft that had passed it had reported it.

MEN are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

"YES," remarked Mrs. Malaprop, "it was a grand sight. First came the king, carrying a spectre in his hand, and wearing a beautiful red mantle all trimmed with vermin. It was a grand sight."

"HERE are some sultana cakes I made myself," she said.

He paled. "Thank you, darling," he faltered, and partook.

That night the painter dreamed, whereat he rose, and in feverish haste painted an art poster, which brought a hundred and fifty-two pounds. Then he kissed his wife fondly, called her a brave little woman, and wondered what he would do without her.

It is always best to be honest. A good sort of man has been staying out of nights, on committee business and the like. He had a clock that was always striking and giving him away when he came home. It told the hour to his wife.

Mr. Husband thought of a new plan. He let the strike side run down. His wife did not tumble to it; but she sent her servant with the clock to be repaired. It required nothing more than winding; but the clock repairer said a new spring was required, and that it wanted generally cleaning. Mr. Husband paid eighteen and sixpence on the clock, and said nothing.

He now winds his clock up regularly, and lets her strike.

A TAILOR'S "BUSINESS CARD."

AMONGST the applicants for an apprentice at a meeting of a certain London Board of Guardians was a tailor. This enterprising gentleman, desirous of giving due weight to his application, circulated his business card amongst members of the Board. This is a portion of its contents:

"Saucy cut clothing, cut slap with fakement seams and little artful buttons at the bottom to suit all comers for business or pleasure. Cut very serious to suit ploughmen, dustmen, sneaks, mushroom-fakers, trottermen, costers, actors, parsons, bruisers, and gentlemen. Peg-tops, bell-bottoms, tights, or half-tights, or droop over the hoofs. Black or dandy vests made to flash the rag or dickey, or tight up round the scrag. Lavender in every shade, built spankey, to suit the ikey and flimsy lads of Notting Hill, Shepherd's Bush, and the surrounding neighbourhoods."

FIRE! FIRE!

ALL ABOUT THE CONTINENTAL FIREMEN.

THE firemen of Amsterdam are single men; the fire stations are their homes. The call-points are so distributed over the town that no house is further than three hundred yards from a post.

In Berlin the signals are for small, medium, and great fires, and the engines turn out according to the nature of the summons.

Most of the German firemen are expert telegraph clerks. The business of unnecessary water damage is one great feature of the German firemen's work. Lest the remedy should become worse than the disease, they do not flood the premises with water, but use it only where they think it is absolutely required.

Most of the European towns are extremely well supplied with telegraphic communications. The street alarms are numerous, and at Vienna there is a most ingenious system for preventing the abuse of them. There is no glass door to be smashed by any drunken rowdy or practical joker.

The doors are of iron, but keys to them are freely supplied to well-known citizens, who are responsible for their proper use.

To give an alarm, the box has to be unlocked; but, when this is done, the key cannot be withdrawn without a further unlocking process on the part of a member of the brigade. The numbered key in the lock, therefore, indicates the name of the person by whom the alarm is given.

A water-cart accompanies the engine, to furnish an immediate small supply while search is being made for a larger one. By this means many a small outbreak is nipped in the bud. The economy in the use of water, as already said, is remarkable. A stack of wood well saturated with oil was set on fire, and, when well alight, was quenched by a fireman with two buckets of water in the right place.

In Austria, or in Vienna, at least, they turn out to a fire more quickly than in any other European country. In driving to it, a trumpeter, seated by the driver, blows a call which is heard at a great distance, and which is a summons to all vehicles to pull aside until the engine has passed. Chimney-sweeps in Buda-Pesth are licensed, each one having a district allotted to him, and he is held responsible if a chimney takes fire within a short period after he has swept it.

At Amsterdam much use is made of the life-line. If persons are in a dangerous position, a fine hemp line is shot up to them by means of a pistol, and with its aid they draw up and fasten a stouter rope by which they may reach the ground. In Vienna they may slide down on broad bands of canvas nine feet wide, stretched from the upper window, and held at a slope in the street.

The jumping-sheets in use on the Continent are of great variety. At Amsterdam the men grasp them with both hands, raising their arms so as to bring the edges level with their collar-bones, and throwing the whole body back at an angle. At Vienna the men stand sideways, and hold the sheet over their shoulders.

Short ladders carried by the firemen are a great feature of the Berlin system. With their aid a man can reach a third or fourth storey with one ladder, hooking it from window-sill to window-sill, and from floor to floor. Once on the parapet he drops a life-line, draws up the hose, and sets to work.

At Berlin the firemen have a suit which they can inflate with water in emergencies. It consists of a blouse and trousers made of a double layer of canvas. A tap attached to the hose enables the fireman to fill the waterproof space between the inner and outer layers at a moment's notice. If the space becomes overfilled the water escapes through a valve, and flows down over the wearer like a cascade, thus giving him a two-fold protection.

He also carries an air-pump in his clothing, by which he may obtain a supply of air. In this way he is enabled to enter a burning room, and fight the fire at very close quarters.

The smoke-helmet is largely used. It serves as an air-chamber, which is filled by an air-pump, and the air inside not only supplies the lungs, but keeps the head cool, and, as the air escapes, clears away the smoke, and shows the fireman what he is doing.

"A BITTER INHERITANCE is one of the most mysterious and fascinating stories I have ever read." This is the verdict of a reviewer of No. 9 of PEARSON'S LIBRARY, which is now on sale.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2492. In which Substance Can the Largest Air Bubble be Blown?

Professor Reinold, one of the greatest authorities on soap-bubbles, says that the best liquid to employ is a mixture of soap solution and glycerine. Three of soap to two of glycerine by volume. The soap solution is made by dissolving one gramme of hard soap in forty cubic centimetres of pure water, or half an ounce of hard soap in a pint of water. By using a glass funnel bubbles may be blown from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter. Professor Boyd believes that by the means of bellows to save the lungs even larger results than this might be obtained. In the manufacture of watch-glasses balls are usually blown to a size of about two feet in diameter; and at the Exhibition of 1889 there was shown a ball of considerably over a yard in diameter, arrived at by a system in which compressed air is employed. No less than three thousand watch-glasses were obtained from this bubble.

2502. Why does the Pneumatic Tyre Increase the Speed of a Bicycle?

Because vibration is lessened, friction reduced, and the comfort, and consequently the efficiency, of the rider extended. The pneumatic tyre fills up the inequalities of the ground, and makes the rough places plain. With a hard, unyielding tyre, the whole bicycle and rider have to rise over every small inequality of the road, and the force required to thus lift them is taken from that which drives them forward, and thus the speed is lessened by every, even small, obstruction. The pneumatic tyre "gives" to every obstacle that is not larger than the diameter of its cross-section, and it also, although to a less extent, fills up cavities in the road, and thus the force that would have been expended in lifting bicycle and rider is saved for propulsion, and hence the increase of speed.

2508. In what Proportion do the People in this Country Travel in the Different Classes on the Railway?

The proportion is continually varying. The policy of abolishing second-class has been followed since the Midland set the example on January 1st, 1875, so that now that class hardly exists in Scotland. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln has abolished it altogether, and the Great Northern, Great Eastern, and North-Eastern retain it for suburban traffic only. The London and North-Western have removed it from their Scotch lines. On all railways the result of the removal of the third-class disabilities in the matter of speed has been to enormously increase the number of passengers in that class, largely at the expense of the others. Consequently, the proportion in which people travel in this country in the different classes on the railway stands as follows: Ninety per cent. of ordinary railway travel is taken in the third-class. In 1893, first-class declined 3.4 per cent. in numbers, and the second-class 8.4 per cent. The proportion is better seen by a statement of the actual numbers that travelled in 1893: 1st class, 30,048,982; 2nd class, 50,989,640; 3rd class, 783,138,430; season and periodical ticket-holders, 10,574,876; showing a grand total of 874,751,928. There has by no means been any loss by this remarkable alteration of proportions, but absolutely a substantial gain. It may be interesting to add the receipts for passenger traffic in 1893: 1st class, £3,036,036; 2nd class, £2,075,179; 3rd class, £22,623,316; season and ticket-holders, £2,582,848; showing a grand total of £30,317,379 for the passenger traffic in this country for one year.

2510. At which Period of English History has there been the Least Difference in Policy Between the Two Great Parties?

The period which brought to a successful issue the Great Revolution of 1688, whereby James II. was driven from the throne, and William, Prince of Orange, with his wife, Mary, crowned in his stead. During his short

reign, James II. had committed so many glaring acts of despotism that the whole nation saw its liberties jeopardised; and the proceedings of the King were so unconstitutional as to cause the leaders of all parties to sink every difference, for the time being, and join in an appeal to William, to aid them by his arms, in the recovery of their laws and liberties. The Whigs were ready for the opposition to the King, for his acts were contrary to all their principles of liberty. The Tories, also, with whom we may count the Church party, finding their past services forgotten, their rights invaded, and their religion threatened, agreed to drop all questions of party politics, and join with the Whigs in issuing an invitation to the Prince of Orange. Thus, as Hume puts it, all faction was for a time laid asleep in England, and rival parties, forgetting their animosity, had secretly concurred in the design of resisting the King. This was really the only occasion in which the two great parties united in the pursuit of the same policy, and presented an undivided front, so bringing to a successful issue the Great Revolution of 1688, whereby the liberties of England were secured. Soon after William was seated upon the throne, the parties pursued their separate policies as before.

2512. Which is now the Highest Bridge in the World?

That of Annecy, which is no less than 656 feet in height, while its span, curiously enough, is only 636 feet. The bridge at Gorabit, department of Cantal, France, is 1,880 feet long and 413 feet high, while the main piers of the railway bridge which spans the Firth of Forth reach an elevation of 365 feet, although the railway is actually only 160 feet above high water mark. Clifton Suspension Bridge and the Niagara Suspension Bridge, built by Roebling, are both 245 feet above water. Neither of these, however, can compare with the Kinzua Viaduct, near Alton, Pennsylvania, which was designed, built, and finished in eight and a half months, without the use of any scaffolding whatever, or even a single ladder. The structure, whilst in course of construction, was held together by strong wire ropes attached to the trunks of the surrounding trees. The viaduct is about 2,100 feet long and 300 feet in height. It was erected at a cost of £55,000, and is a triumph of modern engineering skill.

2513. Who are Physically the Stronger, Civilised or Uncivilised Races?

The testimony is all in favour of the civilised races. To find stalwart savages is exceptional; and going on the lines set down by evolutionists, this is exactly what might be expected. As regards the functions of civilised man, the animal, in almost every direction, has reached its maximum. It is true that the Patagonians are of great stature, averaging a height of six feet, but they are not proportionately strong. Travellers all bear the same testimony with regard to the physique and muscular strength of the savage; and it is a pleasant fiction that dwells upon the physical superiority of the uncivilised peoples. Without any great call for exertion, the primitive races have little to develop their muscular power; and added to the suffering they endure in the struggle for life, scanty food, exposure, liability to disease, every influence is at work to keep them from acquiring the maximum of physical energy.

2514. When a Boy's Voice "Breaks," why does he Sing Exactly an Octave Lower in Pitch?

Because the rapid growth of the larynx at puberty lengthens the vocal ligaments of boys in the proportion of five to ten, and, by a law of acoustics, when a vibrating body is doubled in length, the resulting sound, or note, is exactly an octave lower. Before the period at which the voice breaks, the larynx is practically the same in both sexes; but considerable differences in size and shape are then developed. In girls the alteration and growth is much less marked, the chord lengthening only in the proportion of five to seven, which produces little appreciable change in the voice. In boys, too, the shield cartilage loses its gentle curve, and forms the prominence known as Adam's Apple, and not only are the vocal chords lengthened, but thickened, so producing the deeper quality of tone, characteristic of the male voice at that period.

2511. Which is the Oldest Work of Fiction Extant?

The "Tale of Two Brothers," written 3,200 years ago by the Theban Scribe, Ennana, Librarian of the Palace to King Merenptah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus. The tale was written apparently for the entertainment of the Crown Prince, who subsequently reigned as Seti II. His name appears in two places on the manuscript—probably the only surviving autograph signatures of an Egyptian king. This piece of antique fiction, written on nineteen sheets of papyrus in a bold hieratic hand, was purchased in Italy by Madam d'Orbigny, who sold it in 1857 to the authorities of the British Museum, where it is now known as the d'Orbigny Papyrus. Other specimens of ancient Egyptian fiction have since come to light, which appear to prove that the Nile valley was not only the birthplace of the arts and sciences, but was also the cradle of romance. Herodotus doubtless derived many a narrative which he innocently accepted for fact and repeated as history from Egyptian sources—and Arabian story-tellers of the middle-ages probably stimulated their imagination by copious draughts from the same fountain of inspiration.

2516. Has a Legal Process ever been Decided by the Beauty of the Accused?

Probably a good many have been so decided, but two specially striking incidents in point have been recorded. Phryne, an Athenian courtesan of the fourth century B.C., the original of the famous picture, "Venus rising from the Sea," and the favourite model of the sculptor Praxiteles was charged with showing herself in public improperly attired. She appeared in court thickly veiled, but, on being interrogated by the judges as to whether she had anything to say in her own defence, she drew the veil aside without a word, and Hyperides, the rhetorician, who had hitherto spoken in vain, devoting the rest of his speech to arousing the pity and admiration of the judges, Phryne was unhesitatingly acquitted. After the trial, however, a decree was drawn up to this effect: "That hereafter no orator shall endeavour to excite pity on behalf of a person accused, and that no man or woman when put on trial shall have his or her case decided on while present." The other case was that of Preciosa, a gipsy, in Spain. The Archbishop of Toledo had been called upon by the Pope to put a stop to the national dances, as contrary to public morals. Preciosa, who was famous as a dancing-girl, was desired to show, in the presence of the archbishop and of a papal legate, what these dances really were. She danced with such modesty, grace, and charm, that the hearts of the two grave ecclesiastics were quite won over. This incident has been the subject of many pictures, and was introduced by Longfellow in his "Spanish Student."

2515. Which is the most Notable Panic Recorded in History?

The world has never before or since witnessed such a panic as seized the nations of Europe towards the close of the tenth century. It had been prophetically announced that the day of universal doom would come in the year 1000. A terrible fear fell upon society. The labourer deserted the fields and devoted himself to religious exercises, the slave-owner released his serfs, the wealthy sought to placate Heaven with riches heaped upon the shrines of the saints. Four kings and thousands of nobles entered the cloister. Even warlike operations were suspended. Private feuds died out in the presence of a terror that cowed the boldest. The effect of the prophecy was heightened by the disorders that afflicted Europe upon the breaking up of the empire of Charlemagne. The strong hand of the master being withdrawn, lawlessness and civil discord came in, and famine was added to the list of calamities. In Paris itself, starvation drove the people to cannibalism. Thus men's minds were unstrung, and ready to become the sport of superstition, panic and fear. Never since the world had emerged from savagery did society seem so near to dissolution. The year 1000 came and went, and of course the panic passed away. Many others of a similar, but not so serious, nature have since been recorded.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2541. What is the best example of a service rendered by a plant to an animal?
2542. Is there any reason to believe that Europe was ever joined to America?
2543. Is it true that "poverty is the mother of all arts"?
2544. Which is the best historical example of the saying, "The game is not worth the candle"?
2545. Has a poet-laureate ever been compelled to resign?
2546. Which of our sovereigns presented the greatest contrarieties of character?
2547. Has a double-yolked egg ever been known to produce twin chickens?
2548. What English county was the last to be enfranchised, and to possess the right of returning Members of Parliament?
2549. Which country has produced the most famous detectives?
2550. Which is the most misquoted quotation in English literature?

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MY COMRADE.

I.
I HAVE a comrade, bright and sweet;
She interests me more
Than other girls I chance to meet,
Who think me off a bore.

II.
Next to my heart she occupies
A place that is unique;
She looks at me with laughing eyes
No matter how I speak.

III.
And when I crack a joke and wink,
As great men sometimes do,
To see her smile you'd really think
She thought that joke was new!

IV.
To me she always is the same—
Unlike some girls I know,
Who talk and talk; she's never tame
No matter where we go.

V.
She's mine! Yet sadly do I trace
These lines. I cannot laugh,
For deep within my new watch-case
She's but a photograph.

THE ONLY TWO FREE-WOMEN OF THE CITY.

LADY CHARLOTTE SCHRIEBER is the only woman in the world, if we except the Baroness Burdett-Coutta, who can boast of being a Free-woman of a London City Company.

She owes this honour to the Fanmakers, for she is at the present time the great authority on ancient and modern, foreign and British fans, and the splendid collection which she lately presented to the British Museum is visited by people from all parts of the world.

Lady Charlotte was born in the year of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and was the only daughter of the Earl of Lindsay.

Although her greatest interest will always be her fans (she spent something like twenty years in collecting the 350 rare specimens now in the Museum), she has performed a piece of very practical philanthropy in erecting shelters for the London cabmen, who would all be proud to give her a ride for nothing.

Lady Charlotte is now quite elderly, but she is full of bright intelligence, and is at present engaged in an exhaustive work on old playing cards. The Queen, who is also a collector of curios, takes great interest in Lady Charlotte's treasures, and accepted the dedication of her book on fans.

SOFT ANSWERS.

HE came into the office of a merchant in West Hartlepool, and with a cheery "Good morning," as of a familiar friend, pulled a chair up near the desk and sat down. The merchant eyed him for a moment, and quietly remarked: "Well?"

"Yes, thank you," he replied, with a smile. "I hope you are well also."

It almost jarred the merchant out of his seat. "I did not ask you whether you were well or not," he said, getting hot, "and it is none of your business how I am. What I do want to know is what you want."

"I want a million pounds, and a palace, and a yacht, and a four-in-hand," he rattled away, "and while I am about it I may mention that I also want—"

"Confound you," angrily exclaimed the merchant, "what do I care what you want?"

"I don't really know," he answered in the best humour imaginable; "but I presume you did care, or you wouldn't have asked me."

"Come, come," stuttered the angry merchant, "this is past endurance. You are a perfect stranger to me, and you come in here and take up my time and talk like an idiot. What do you come here for?"

"For a few moments only," said the visitor, serenely, and with the same placid demeanour.

"Oh, did you?" and the merchant jumped out of his chair and started for him. "Well, if you don't get out in two minutes I'll break your head for you."

"Now, now you are talking business," calmly responded the visitor. "Come on, and break my head, and my arm, and my leg. That will lay me up for at least twelve weeks, and I'll get ten pounds a week from the finest accident insurance company in all this beautiful world of ours, sir—the very finest and surest, and most reliable and richest. I represent that company, sir. Don't you want a policy with us? Ten pounds a week if you are injured by any accident, and two thousand pounds cash and no commissions if you are killed. I carry two policies myself, and when I hear a man talk about using me as you threaten to do, I fairly beam with joy, and hope breaks out. I have been—"

"For pity's sake," interrupted the victim, "shut up. How much is a policy for a year? Give me one quick and get out, before I commit suicide and sue your company for the full value."

THE TRUTH ABOUT SNAKE CHARMING.

It may be stated positively that snakes said to be charmed are not drugged or electrified. Neither are they hypnotised, for no human being ever yet existed able to hypnotise or mesmerise a snake of any species whatsoever, or to affect it in any way by what the gullible public is pleased to call the "power of the human eye."

Neither are their fangs cut out, for the snakes used are nearly always of a harmless species, and have no more venomous power than a rat or a pigeon. They are for the most part boas—boa constrictors—from South America, of all snakes the most gentle and tractable in disposition. Anyone can take up a boa, provided he acts gently, and with a slight knowledge of the animal's likes and dislikes.

There are things, however, which the boa will fiercely resent, and these the charmer knows and carefully avoids. For instance, should anyone annoy a boa by puffing his breath strongly three or four times into the reptile's face, it will become so fierce that the charmer must put it away or suffer the consequences of a fierce paroxysm of hissing and biting rage, and a large boa's bite is not to be thought lightly of, for he has six rows of teeth, four in the upper jaw and two in the lower, all half an inch long, and as fine as needles.

The whole explanation of this "snake-handling," which, by courtesy, is called "charming," is this—the charmer doesn't hurt the snakes. He doesn't frighten them. He does none of the things which he knows will anger them. Under such treatment all animals are docile.

The groom cannot do altogether as he likes with his horses, for there are actions which no horse will permit. Animals when treated according to their nature are tractable, and when contrary to it are rebellious, and snakes are no exception.

Some one may here ask, why do not large boas wrap themselves round the charmer and do a little strangling? The answer is that they do not press the "charmer" because the "charmer" does not hold them tightly.

If held forcibly by the neck, the giant serpent will soon exhibit his constricting powers, and by enwrapping himself round neck and arms and body will gradually tighten his coils until the grasp on his neck is released, when he will proceed to uncoil himself, after giving a fearful bite to the hand which had rudely detained him.

It may be stated for a certainty that no snake uses his constricting power in attack except in the act of taking his prey, and never in defence except when held as prisoner.

Many persons imagine that deadly snakes have a special mission to use their venom on human beings, and that they are ever ready and anxious to do so. So far is this from being the case, that it might be stated as a rule that, except when much provoked, they are very slow and reluctant to bite. The accomplished charmer always chooses quiet snakes, and, by handling them gently, escapes the danger to which he would be exposed with those of a more nervous disposition.

"NOTICE that man over there, how nervous he appears, constantly looking round to see if anybody is watching him. I'll bet he's a burglar."
"Yes, or a bridegroom."

PENELOPE: "I don't like to see you dangling about with mere boys all the time. What do you find that's so interesting in that smooth-faced young Faris?"
Perdita: "Why, Pen, his face isn't so smooth as it looks."

"WILL you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly.
But the insect only tossed her head, and tossed it very high.

"Why, no," she said, with hauteur, "your style with mine won't run;
"Your dining and reception-rooms are, vulgarly, in one."

THERE is a story told of a lady who went one day to call on Fuseli, a painter, who, when there was need for it, could express himself with emphasis. Her ceaseless chatter did not even allow him to get in a word edge-ways. At last a pause to take breath gave him time to say:

"We had boiled mutton and turnips for dinner to-day."

"What a strange observation, Mr. Fuseli," exclaimed the lady.

"Why," he said, "it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours."

THE UNTUTORED DOMESTIC.

CERTAIN young Indian gentlemen, who are pursuing the study of the law in London, were invited by the Master of the Temple to spend an evening at his house. The time fixed for the assembling of the interesting party arrived, but nobody came. When nearly an hour had passed in fruitless waiting, the doctor's lady rang for the maid, who had not yet become quite accustomed to the ways of the house. She entered in a state of considerable excitement.

"Have none of the gentlemen arrived?" asked her mistress.

"No," answered the domestic; "but a lot of impudent Christy Minstrels has been a-ringing at the bell, and I have been a-driving 'em away, mum!"

A LOST DOCUMENT.

THE lost documents of English history are curious rather than important, so far as is known. One of extreme importance was that which nominated Oliver's successor. He wrote it a year before his death, sealed it carefully, and deposited it at Hampton Court, with the knowledge of all about him; but it does not appear that he ever named the contents to anyone.

When the hero lay dying and speechless, this paper was sought—in vain. It is not at all certain that the Protector appointed his eldest son. They took his inarticulate utterances for consent when Whitelock suggested Richard.

That the formal instrument deposited at Hampton Court was stolen can hardly be doubted; and we may well suspect, under all the circumstances, that some one who had an opportunity made away with it because it did not nominate Richard. So, perhaps, the history of England was changed.

ADVICE TO A BETTING MAN.

A TURFMAN once bet some comrades a hundred pounds that he could borrow a thousand pounds from one, Isaacs, a Jew money-lender, on his personal recognisances. The crowd went together.

"Mr. Isaacs," said he, "these gentlemen have bet me one hundred pounds that I cannot borrow a thousand pounds of you. I do not need the money, but I want you to let me have it for one day only, and I'll divide the bet with you."

The effect was not what he looked for. Instead of jumping at the chance of making fifty pounds, Isaacs looked at the turfman, then at the committee (who were confounded at the cool swindle, for so they termed it), and finally he buttonholed the borrower, and said:

"Did you bet a hundred pounds you could borrow the money of me?"

"That's what I did."

"Then," said Isaacs, in a whisper, "go and hedge."

HOW THOMAS HARDY WAS DISCOVERED.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD, the then editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, was one day starting from a station on a long journey to the country. Glancing over the literature of the bookstall, he found nothing there, among the army of two shilling yellow-backs, to suit his fancy, and was about to turn away when his eye fell on a paper-covered novel, whose title, "Under the Greenwood Tree," happened to contain his own name. His curiosity was awakened, and commanded him to "Try that."

On opening it, however, he feared that his inner consciousness had deceived him, for the first chapter was dull and heavy; but he plodded through it, and then was well rewarded. It was, as he himself afterwards declared, like jumping over a common-place stile into an enchanted, unknown ground beyond. He became absorbed in the story, and determined to seek out the talented author, Thomas Hardy, of whom scarcely anyone had heard, and commission him to write a novel for the CORNHILL.

At that time—it was early in the seventies—novelists were in great demand, and were asking extraordinary sums for their work; George Elliot was at the summit of her fame; Charles Reade was asking £4,000 for a novel that ran through the CORNHILL; and Wilkie Collins was receiving considerably more for very inferior matter. The proprietors of CORNHILL happened at that time to be on the look-out for a good story, for which it would not be necessary to pay six or seven thousand pounds. Here, in Mr. Hardy, was the very man they wanted; an almost unknown author, whom Greenwood's critical eye had discovered, and who was destined to attain the highest fame as a novelist.

In 1884, "Far from the Madding Crowd" was published in the magazine of THACKERAY; a beautiful and powerful work, containing a clever description of peasant life in Devonshire. It was an immediate success, and paved the way for a brilliant series of novels. Not one of these, however, equalled "Far from the Madding Crowd," the now famous author of which was discovered in such a curious manner.

NOW ON SALE, PART VIII. of FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITES. It contains sixteen charming full-page photographs of leading actors and actresses, and is quite as beautifully reproduced as the preceding seven parts.

NEW AND STRANGE.

AN asbestos tip to the wick of a lamp has been found to increase the brilliancy of the light thirty per cent.

A PROCESS has now been discovered by which decayed teeth can be stopped with aluminium. Dentists have unsuccessfully experimented with this metal for years.

A REVOLVING observation tower 100 feet high, from which an uninterrupted bird's-eye view of the surrounding country can be obtained, is the latest American novelty.

SODA-FROELLED engines are now being used on some French railways. The invention is based on the principle that solutions of caustic soda, which have high boiling points, liberate heat while absorbing steam, and work noiselessly.

LIQUORS may be aged artificially by gradually cooling them, in the case of brandy down to 200 degrees centigrade below zero, and then gradually bringing them up again to the normal temperature. A frigorific laboratory, in which this new discovery is to be applied, will shortly be established in Paris.

A FRENCH inventor has devised an apparatus for floating a balloon basket if it should fall into the sea. A box of membrane, which can be inflated by simply touching a press-button, is attached to the basket, and is capable of buoying up two persons. Some valuable lives, notably the inventor of the Gower telephone, have been lost by the fallen car sinking into the sea.

GREAT things, I am told, (I expected of Redhead's Patent-Winged Swimming Shoe. The wearer, in fact, must literally swim like a duck. Manufactured in various sizes of linen canvas, fin-like lapels are attached on either side. When the leg is drawn up they close, and immediately on striking out, extend, giving the necessary resistance to the water, and allowing swimming to be indulged in for a lengthened period with very little exertion. The name and address of the manufacturer: Mr. S. T. Mee, 12, Mill Lane, Liverpool.

THE pneumatic telephone ring, is an invention which has many advantages, and among them it promises to check an alarming aural disease which has sprung into existence from constant use of the telephone receiver. This ring is made of india-rubber. It completely absorbs vibration and prevents the painful sensation in the ear so often experienced after using the instrument. The invention, I understand, was suggested by a paragraph which appeared in this paper referring to the "telephone ear," a new and dangerous complaint which civilization has produced. The price of Ebertsheim's Pneumatic Telephone Ring is, I am told, 2s. 6d. each, and they may be obtained from Mr. J. Lammell, Lonsdale House, Belfast.

EVERY day that passes finds more ladies adopting bicycling as an easy means of getting about, and at the same time as a healthy pastime. The ordinary skirt is not convenient, and therefore many ladies have adopted full knickerbockers and long-skirted coats for riding. This costume, though suitable enough while on the machine, is ungainly in the extreme if one wishes to make a call, or even to walk about. In order to meet this difficulty, Messrs. John Noble, Limited, The Warehouse, Manchester, have lately invented and patented the "John Noble Convertible Costume for Cycling." It consists of a bodice, costume skirt, and knickerbockers. The accompanying block shows



the costume in three different positions. The centre figure is wearing the skirt, which buttons on either side—to all appearances an ordinary costume skirt. The moment she mounts the bicycle she unbuttons the skirt on either side, and with a small flat strap she buttons the skirt on to the shoulder, thereby making it somewhat like a golf cape (see right figure), hanging loosely from the figure. When dismounting from her machine, all the lady has to do is to gently unfasten first one shoulder and then the other, and she has an ordinary walking skirt. The cost of this suit, made in good serge, is only twenty-five shillings. I would also add, that the bodice being made in the Norfolk style, is easily adaptable to the figure.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with the sender.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

IN the Royal Palace of Serbia lights are invariably put out by eleven o'clock by the King's command.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, the poet, acted in the capacity of special correspondent to the STANDARD during the Franco-German War.

THE coronet worn by the Countess of Aberdeen on State occasions is distinguished by five emeralds, which are the largest in the world.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT is ungrateful. Not long ago she even declared that had she known or believed in the penalties of fame she would never have written a line.

THE Queen has such a deep-rooted objection to the smell of a cigarette or a cigar that smoking is strictly forbidden at Windsor Castle, at Balmoral, and at Osborne.

BOTH the Empress of Russia and the Duchess of Edinburgh have in their possession a set of sabres which cost considerably over £12,000. They cannot be matched anywhere in the world.

LONG as she has resided in this country the Princess of Wales has never mastered the English accent. "Channel," for instance, she pronounces "shannel," and there are many other little difficulties of speech which betray that she is foreigner born and bred.

MR. K. S. RANJITSINGHI, the Indian Prince, who is playing cricket for Sussex, is an all-round sportsman. He rides well, shoots well, is remarkably good at tennis and billiards, and an enthusiastic lover of the drama. Mr. Ranjitsinghi is also unusually clever at chess.

MISS GRACE CHISHOLM, a scholar of Girton College, Cambridge, recently took the first degree secured by a lady at Göttingen. After a residence of a year and a half she took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy with the express leave of the Prussian Minister of Education.

IT is on record that some ten or eleven years ago Mr. Gladstone in ordinary dress was seen stepping into his brougham, which was waiting outside his official residence in Downing Street. A few minutes later he alighted at St. James's Palace in the gorgeous uniform of Prime Minister.

PRINCE BISMARCK was recently the recipient of a handsome present in the shape of a chessboard inlaid with alternate squares of yellow and milk-white amber laid on an under surface of gold. The figures, which are marvellously carved, are also of amber, and each minute detail is faultlessly carried out.

MR. WILLIAM REDMOND, M.P., might have been a king at the present moment if he had felt any inclination that way. As a young man he went to seek his fortune in Africa, and became a prisoner in the realm of King Ja Ja, who chanced to take a fancy to the Irishman, and offered to make him not only Prime Minister but heir-apparent.

AT Boulogne a private saloon carriage is kept for the use of the Prince of Wales on the Continent. It was originally constructed by the S.E.R. Co. at a cost of about £7,000, and cannot be maintained for less than £250 a year. It contains two sleeping apartments besides various others, and is painted a bright yellow, with the Prince of Wales' feathers introduced at intervals.

WHEN Mr. John Fletcher Moulton, Q.C., was at Cambridge he distinguished himself in a manner which, I believe, was quite unprecedented. As Senior Wrangler in 1868, his score of marks was so extraordinary that the excess, over and above those which would have sufficed to gain the Senior Wranglership, would have entitled him, in the ordinary way, to a high place among the wranglers.

VICTORIEN SARDOU, the French playwright, was, as everyone knows, on the verge of starvation, actual death staring him in the face, when he made his first success. But not everyone is aware that his recovery was due to the lady who is now his wife. He lay in a garret, slowly wasting away with typhoid fever, when a poor actress living in the same building took pity upon him, nursed him back to life, and afterwards introduced him to the theatrical world.

M. FLINDERS PETRIE, whose name will be familiar as one of the most learned Egyptologists living at the present time, is tall and slender, with features moulded in an Eastern type, and a complexion which is dark and foreign-looking. The major portion of this great discoverer's life has been spent exploring and excavating among the deserts, with a tent for a roof and just the sand for a carpet. He has the greatest respect and affection for the Arabs.

THE Empress of Austria, in her happy days, dressed in charming taste. Recently she has been distributing, among her most intimate friends, all her court costumes and light coloured dresses. She says pathetically that she will never feel gay enough to wear coloured dresses again. The Empress caused her wedding dress to be cut up and made into a set of priestly garments for a church in Pesth. The dress was of white brocade, with silver threads. Her bridal wreath encircled an embroidered picture of the Virgin Mary, in the Loretto Chapel where the Empress often worships.

THE German Emperor has probably been painted more often than any other monarch. A very favourite present with him is a portrait of himself, and in this connection a very good story is told. It seems that the Emperor was dining one night with the officers of some crack regiment, and looking up, he happened to see a picture hanging on the wall opposite. "Who is that?" he inquired of the officers sitting next to him. "That is the portrait of your Majesty was kind enough to present to the regiment," was the answer; whereupon, the Kaiser was pleased to laugh at his own mistake, and promised that another should be painted to take its place.

CRICKET NOTES.

IT is understood that the chief object of George Lohmann's approaching visit to this country is to make arrangements for taking out an English eleven to the Cape towards the end of the year. The selection of the team will be a matter of interest, as cricket in South Africa has made gigantic strides during the last three or four years. The Cape, however, knows its greatest batsman no more, except on paper, for C. O. H. Sewell, who came over with the South African combination last year, remained behind, and is now playing for Gloucestershire. But there is another side to the question. The Cape public have no undying love for amateur cricketers on tour, and last year, when a visit from an English team was contemplated, it was roundly asserted that amateurs from England were not wanted—because, forsooth, they were too expensive! Will Lohmann, then, content himself with professionals? It is just possible, I hear, that the great Surrey cricketer, if well enough, will be included in the Surrey Eleven when the season is farther advanced. But who will stand out when so many giants are in the team?

DURING the many years that he has been before the public Dr. W. G. Grace has never displayed better form than he is doing at the present moment. Indeed, the recent marvellous performances of the champion with the bat, not to mention the ball—and as age increases, so, seemingly, does his ability to capture wickets—prove that he is still far and away the finest all-round cricketer in the world. W. G.'s huge scores are rendered the more remarkable by the fact that July 18th next is his forty-seventh birthday, he having first seen the light in the year 1848. In 1876 the evergreen man of medicine and tall scores was supposed to be in his prime, but his performances this season quite equal, even if they do not excel, those which set the world a-talking nineteen years ago. It was in 1876 that he made his memorable innings of 318 against Yorkshire, which occupied him the greater part of two days. His capacity for rapid scoring, however, is even more wonderful now than it was then, for against Kent the other day his glorious 257 only occupied him seven hours and thirty-five minutes, while his superb 73 not-out in the second innings was compiled in the space of seventy minutes. And yet there were people a couple of years ago who, in the fulness of their ignorance, said that W. G. was not good enough to occupy a place in an England eleven.

IN contrast to his giant of a father the young Cantab, Grace, junior, presents a sorry spectacle. Although having gone through a course of tuition at the hands of the doctor, unquestionably the finest coach a man could possibly have, his batting is very third rate, while his strokes would only just about do credit to the member of a grammar school team. With the ball he certainly shows better than with the willow, but as his deliveries lack "sting," or "devil," as it is commonly expressed in cricket parlance, it is doubtful if he will get his "blue" this year. Unfortunately the young W. G. suffers from an affection of the eyes, which possibly partly accounts for the mediocrity in the cricket field of the son of such a father.

IT is not a little curious that Grace, junior, should have utterly failed to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious parent considering how the aptitude for cricket runs in families. There are quite half-a-dozen Hearnies who have been of the utmost value to their respective counties in the world of cricket, while the three brothers C. T., G. B., and J. E. K. Studd have all been really first-class batsmen. Then again we have the three immortal brothers Grace, W. G., E. M., and the late G. F., as fine a trio in their day as ever played together. These, together with the Dafts, the Lillywhites, the Fords, the Lyttletons, and the Phillips's all show that cricket may be a specialty in families.

THE all-absorbing topic of the cricket hour in the face of W. G. and his centuries of course is, How long can a man retain first-class form? That the champion is an amazing exception to the generally accepted rule that twenty years is ample for a man to reach first-class form and lose it again will be gathered from the following cricketers who, once grand exponents of the summer game, are now no longer the experts they once were. The great George Ulyett, who has now given up county cricket and taken to umpiring, is not yet forty-four; Barnes was only forty-three on the 27th of last month; F. R. Spofforth is forty-one, and his once deadly bowling lost its sting some years ago now; G. G. Hearnie is not quite thirty-nine; A. P. Lucas is thirty-eight; G. E. Palmer, the Australian bowler, is thirty-five; and Peate, once the finest slow bowler in England, is thirty-nine. Not one of these cricketers is anything like as good as he was a few years back, while many of them are rarely seen in a first-class engagement; and yet nearly everyone is very much the junior of Dr. Grace.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 9.11 p.m. on Saturday, June 8th, and 9.16 p.m. on June 15th. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

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FOR CYCLISTS.

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SCIENCE FOR THE UNSCIENTIFIC.

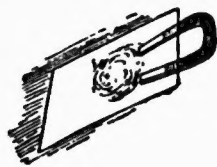
No. 25.

About Magnets.

THE very simple and commonplace object called a magnet has some curious properties, and may readily be made the source of a number of interesting experiments. Indeed, if we were not all so familiar with the phenomena of magnetism, we should regard the powers of a magnet as something truly wonderful.

For the magnet—a mere inanimate piece of steel, not to be distinguished by the eye from any other piece of steel—is the focus of an extraordinary invisible force, which radiates from it in all directions, and this force has the curiously selective quality of acting, generally speaking, only on iron and steel. It does act on some other things, but only, as a rule, under conditions of great concentration, such as we shall not readily attain with our home-made appliances, and, for ordinary purposes, we may regard iron alone as amenable to magnetic influence. Then the magnet has certain relations to the earth itself, which indicate that this planet is, as a whole, one great magnet. And, finally, magnetism is a property readily imparted from one piece of steel to another, and that, apparently, without detracting from the power of the magnet that imparts its property, and so makes a new magnet.

Let us first examine the manner in which magnetic power radiates from a magnet. To do this we have only to lay a sheet of paper across the ends, called properly the "poles," of a magnet, and sprinkle gently upon it some fine iron filings. In the absence of the magnet these would lie in accidental and shapeless masses, but the magnet arranges them in curious curves, something like those traced in the picture.



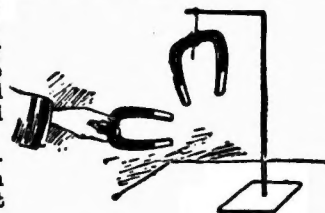
The same effect can be obtained by using a thin piece of glass instead of the paper, and tapping it gently, so as to help the filings to arrange themselves, and if we first paint the glass all over with a little gum and allow it to dry we can, by steaming the gummy surface and allowing it to dry again, fix the filings in position, so that they will not move if placed on end, and thus prepare an interesting magic lantern slide. Or, in the absence of a magic lantern, we can get a very good and a magnified view of the curves by means of a bicycle lamp, or even of a candle, arranged as here shown, so as



to produce on a white screen of paper, fixed upright, a clear shadow.

These curves obviously represent what are commonly called the lines of magnetic force; and that magnetism acts without actual contact taking place between the magnet and the iron influenced by it we all know. But the magnet only exercises this influence at the ends, or poles; and the earth, which, as already stated, seems like a huge magnet, also acts only from its magnetic poles, which, though near the actual north and south poles of the world, are not coincident with them. If we suspend a magnetised needle (as in the mariners' compass) we find that the needle points always in one direction, roughly speaking, north and south. What we call the north pole of the magnet points to the north magnetic pole of the earth.

But the north pole of one magnet does not attract the north pole of another magnet, as we may readily see if we possess two magnets, and suspend one of them by a string, as here shown. The north pole of the magnet in the hand causes the north pole of the suspended magnet to swing away from it; but the south pole is attracted by the north pole, and vice versa.



The shape of a magnet, as it is drawn in these pictures, is not material. They are usually made horse-shoe shape for convenience; but a straight piece of steel may be just as good a magnet, and we can make magnets for ourselves by properly stroking any pieces of steel with one pole of a magnet. For instance, if we stroke a needle with the north pole of a magnet (it usually has a little file mark across it in the magnets one buys), always in the same direction, and beginning always at the eye, the needle will be magnetised, and the eye will be the north pole. Let us now thread a magnetised needle, and we shall realise that the above is the case, because the large magnet will now attract at the north pole the

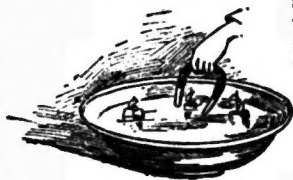
point of the needle, which is the needle's south pole, but will repel the eye-end.

Cover the magnet out of sight by means of a sheet of paper, and hold the threaded needle so that its point is over the south pole of the magnet, but not near enough to touch the paper, and the needle will be suspended, in an apparently miraculous way, in an almost horizontal position, which will considerably mystify at first an uninitiated observer.



A magnetised needle—or any needle—will float on water if carefully placed flat on the surface, and the attraction and repulsion of a magnetic needle by a magnet are prettily shown in that way.

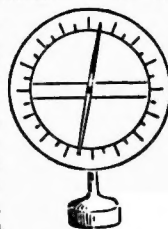
Professor Mayer, an American lecturer, fixed magnetised needles to tiny corks, so as to float in an upright position, and produced some interesting results in their repulsion by one pole of a magnet, the floating needles arranging themselves in curious geometrical figures, according to their number; and we may even more prettily elaborate the experiment if we make a fleet of little cork ships, having matches for masts, paper sails, and bowsprits of magnetised steel—needles—with all their similar poles outward. Let the little ships



float in a bowl of water, and they can be manoeuvred in the prettiest manner by means of a magnet the north and south poles of the latter being used alternately. This makes a capital demonstration for children, and there is no more delightful game for little people on a wet day.

The idea of a ship is peculiarly appropriate to magnetic experiments, since, without the magnetic compass, it would be very difficult for ships to be navigated at all. They could be sailed by the stars, but the compass is, of course, much more convenient. Thus, the behaviour of the earth as a magnet is highly important and valuable.

A magnetised piece of steel, like a compass needle (which is not really a needle, and, indeed, is not much like one), if suspended about a horizontal centre, instead of on a vertical one, as in the compass, assumes, like the compass needle, a fixed position. This is called a "dip" needle. Immediately over the north magnetic pole of the earth the dip needle is perpendicular. As we go south it gradually dips less and less, until we reach the magnetic equator; after that the other end dips, until the needle is again vertical at the south magnetic pole of the earth. During certain disturbances of the earth's magnetic influence—connected, it is said, with sun spots, and often accompanied by abnormal appearances in the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights—both the compass needle and the dipping needle undergo certain perturbations, which used to be a great mystery, and are not, even yet, to the mind of the writer, quite satisfactorily explained.



Many people, owing to an imperfect understanding of the laws of physics, have attempted to make engines, having the "pull" of a permanent magnet for their motive force. We cannot make such a motor. But magnetic engines, or more accurately, electro-dynamic machines, are in practical use, in which advantage is taken of the peculiar relations of magnetism to electricity. An electro-dynamic engine is the exact converse of a dynamo-electrical machine, such as is employed to produce the electric light: for while the latter transforms motive power into electricity, an electro-dynamic machine turns electricity into motion. All this is done by virtue of the fact that a piece of soft iron, when in the neighbourhood of a wire through which an electric "current" is passing, becomes, for the time, a magnet, but ceases to be so when the current stops.

This fact was amusingly employed by a French conjuror, who pretended to deprive a delegate from his audience of all muscular power. A small iron weight was placed over a concealed electro-magnet. The victim was requested to lift the weight, which he did easily enough. He was then directed to set it down again, and after some little mystification, the conjuror turned on the current, and the delegate found to his horror that he could not move the weight! The French Government sent this conjuror out to Algiers, in order that he might, by his feats, discount the performances of some Moorish magicians, who had been giving a good deal of trouble to the local authorities; and it is said that his efforts were eminently successful.

The electric bell is another application of electro-magnetism, and as it is a thing easily made at a very little cost, I propose in my next instalment to explain how this can be done.

("Our Stamp Album," by Mr. Harold Frederic, next week.)

ON AND OFF.

A LAWYER noted for his success in cross-examination found his match in a recent trial, when he asked a long-suffering witness how long he had worked at his business of tin-roofing. The answer was: "I have worked at it steady for the last twelve years."

"How long on and off have you worked at it?"

"Sixty-five years."

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-five."

"Then you have been a tin-roofer from birth?"

"No, sir; of course I haven't."

"Then why do you say that you have worked at your trade sixty-five years?"

"Because you asked how long on and off I had worked at it. I have worked at it on and off sixty-five years—twenty years on and forty-five off."

Here there was a roar in the court-room, but not at the expense of the witness, and his inquisitor hurriedly finished his examination in confusion.

THEIR OWN EXECUTIONERS.

THE Northern Indians, particularly in the Hudson Bay region and the Eskimos, possess a fiendish ingenuity in their method of capturing game, and their way of applying it for killing wolves is horrible.

They take a flat piece of flint a foot or so long, and chipped to extreme sharpness at the edges. This they fasten to a wooden stake, which they drive into the ground firmly, so as to leave the blade of flint projecting above the surface. Then they cover the blade all over with a good-sized piece of fat from a seal or other such animal, which quickly freezes. Now the wolf-catching apparatus is complete, so that the person who sets the trap has only to come back in a day or two and gather his prey without trouble.

The wolf has an insatiable appetite for blood, and it is of this weakness that the hunter takes advantage. A little while after the trap described is set along comes the wolf. He is hungry, and licks the pieces of frozen fat, and as it is thawed by the warmth of his tongue it tastes better and better. Presently his tongue comes into contact with the sharp edge of the flint and is cut.

He tastes the blood, not knowing that it is his own, and the flavour drives him wild. Eagerly he licks and licks it, lacerating his mouth, and becoming more frenzied in his desire for his own life fluid.

Meanwhile other wolves have come up and have begun to lick at the fat, cutting their own tongues and becoming in their turn wild at the taste. So presently the bait is surrounded by a pack of ravenous and crazy creatures, which soon turn upon one another and fall to devouring each other, until the merciless flint is the centre of a struggling mass of ferocious combatants fighting for very life.

It is like the struggle that followed the planting of the dragon's teeth of old, only that none of those who participate live long after the fight is over, the last survivor bleeding to death. At his leisure the hunter appears upon the scene and skins the dead beasts for market. The skins cost him nothing save the trouble of removing them, and the value of the hunk of fat; the stake with the flint blade is ready to be set again for other victims.

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Signature

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, June 7th, 1895, until Midnight Saturday, June 15th, 1895. (See column 3, page 774.)

Sixpence for an illustrated novel seems absurdly cheap, doesn't it? And that, too, when you get such a splendid story as A BITTER INHERITANCE for your money. The big circulation that PEARSON'S LIBRARY has attained alone makes such a bargain possible.

SMOKING MIXTURE.

No. 6.

BY "VESUVIAN."

AGAIN it becomes my duty to reply to correspondents rather than write what I had intended, but as my querists usually put intelligent questions which are bound to produce interesting replies, I cheerfully put my personal desires in the background.

That I may keep my temper while replying to reasonable people, I will first dispose of Mr. THOMAS B. HEAVISIDE, a Manchester "Anti," who, not content with the huge slice of my space which I was once foolish enough to give him, bombards me again to his ridiculous assertions (not proved), and attempts at argument which are only one remove from abuse. He evidently desires to become my old man of the sea, but I shan't let him—all his five-page letters notwithstanding. Please listen to this extract from what he considers incontrovertible argument:

"I say that a whole army of degenerate, stunted men is likely to happen in a few more generations. That this is likely to be is shown by the history of the Turks, who some few centuries ago were the terror of Christendom, under the banner of Solymán, but since then they have become more and more addicted to the use of tobacco than any of the European nations, and are now noted for their lazy and lethargic disposition, and recently attention has been drawn to their brutality to the Armenians, which could only be committed by the most demoralised of human beings."

Now this is the sort of twaddle Mr. Heaviside inflicts upon me in five-page letters, and considers to be convincing arguments against tobacco. He talks glibly and absurdly about stunted men. Very well. The four centuries of tobacco consumption should be a fair test, so I simply ask him or anyone else to visit our museums and inspect the armour worn by our ancestors of four centuries ago, and see whether the average sized man of to-day could possibly wedge himself into an average set.

My correspondent lays all the misdeeds of Turkey to the evil influences of tobacco, and is certain the Turks are the largest European users of the divine herb. I prefer Government statistics to random assertions, and so quote from the last German national bulletin on the subject, which without defining the number of smokers gives the following figures as the actual consumption per head of the entire population of each of the countries named—men, women, and children alike—in kilogrammes of thirty-six ounces each, and decimals of the same.

United States ...	3.1 kilos per head.
Holland ...	2.8 "
Belgium ...	2.5 "
Switzerland ...	2.3 "
Germany and Austro-Hungary ...	1.9 "
Sweden and Russia ...	1.2 "
Turkey ...	1.1 "
Serbia and France ...	0.8 "
Italy ...	0.7 "
United Kingdom ...	0.6 "
Roumania ...	0.3 "
Denmark and Finland ...	0.1 "

I fancy these figures knock the bottom out of Mr. Heaviside's absurdities, and hope that he will save his stationery in future.

MR. F. POADHAM, of Liverpool, asks if I know "of any method of removing the colour from the top of the bowl of a meerschaum pipe so as to leave the colouring at the bottom straight." This means that I am expected to be a magician who can restore to its original state a piece of meerschaum which has been irretrievably discoloured. I am sorry I cannot oblige Mr. Poadham, or anyone else, in that respect.

Several correspondents are hereby thanked for sending me copies of tobacco and smoking poems, literary extracts, puzzles, etc., but one gentleman, whose letter I have unfortunately mislaid, kindly sent me a copy of the first verse of a smoking song written and composed by himself. I should be much obliged to him if he would please favour me with a copy of the whole song and music as he proposed.

MR. GEORGE GODIN, of Severn Tunnel Junction, has sent me drawings of a new pipe which he considers to be an improvement on anything heretofore. In theory it is excellent, for it is an adaptation of the late Sir Henry Thompson's idea for smoke filtration; but it is a little too complicated for use, too clumsy-looking to become popular, and would be rather heavy in the mouth. I will, however, go more fully into the matter when I get a little leisure.

HOTEL-KEEPER sends me a letter full of woe. He is in sad distress, and I expect many others of his craft are the same from similar causes. I am, therefore, happy to relieve his troubles, and think my hints may also be useful to many readers of P.W. He complains that he has great difficulty in removing the smell of stale tobacco smoke from rooms in his establishment, and says, "the smell of my smoke-room in the mornings, after it has been closed all night, is enough to knock you down."

I am not prepared to try the latter experiment; but I'll tell him how to quickly and cheaply end his troubles.

Just save all the orange peel from dessert-table, or anywhere else, and gently dry well on a cool stove, or in the oven, for about an hour. It is then ready for use. To purify an apartment from tobacco fumes, close all the doors and windows, and stand one or more pailsful of cold water in the centre of the floor. On top of each pail place an old shovel or sheet of iron made red hot (white hot is better, if possible), and then throw on a good big handful of the dried orange peel, close the door, and come away. Five or ten minutes after the peel is all burnt, enter the room, open all doors and windows for ventilation, and all bad smells will have vanished in a few seconds. If people would save all orange peel and dry it for this purpose it would keep indefinitely, purify the atmosphere, and reduce the risk of pitching pedestrians on their backs.

ECCLISIATICUS (Ipswich) and MATCH (Dublin) take mild exception to my remarks on tobacco manufacture, and seek to show that the demand for low-priced goods is forced upon manufacturers by the smoking public. This is exactly what I have contended all through, and for which I blame smokers. I repeat that good sound tobacco in proper condition for pipe-smoking cannot be retailed at a fair profit for less than 4d. per oz. for a light coloured article or 4d. for dark, and I defy contradiction in my assertion that tobaccos bought at lower prices really cost considerably more in the end than those I have just quoted.

Now to somewhat amplify my remarks of last issue with a few useful hints.

Cigarette tobacco should never be kept quite so damp as that intended for use in a pipe, nor should spirit be used upon it. The best way to keep cigarette tobacco in good order, is to use as a magazine or storehouse a nice clean bladder with a sliding cord round the edge of the mouth like cash bags often have. These are not often met with, but a few of the better class tobacconists supply them at about 1s. 6d. each, and a capital investment they are.

Cigarette paper should be of the best possible quality obtainable and quite regardless of price. All the talk about the harmfulness of cigarette smoking is laid at the wrong door. It should be charged to bad cigarette paper, for that is really the very deadliest thing a smoker can use. In its virulence and ultimate damage to the system, bad paper is worse than a combination of arsenic, prussic acid, and half-a-dozen of the other poisons known to chemistry. On no account whatever should a cigarette ever be wetted by a smoker while smoking—the dampness gives full play to any deleterious matters the paper may contain. If a cigarette cannot be smoked quite dry, use a holder, but take good care to clean it frequently.

As to pouches in general, nothing beats deodorised rubber—black by preference. It is a capital dodge to put a piece of orange-peel into a new one and keep it there for a day or so before first using the pouch, as that destroys all traces of the naphtha which is used in cementing the seams.

Rubber pouches are made in an endless variety of shapes, but, after all, the original "Horsey" shape—the "half moon" which turns inside out and then over—is by far the best. These are generally made in two qualities—thick and thin. As a rule, the thin are so much too tender, and the thick wear themselves out so soon by their own weight and clumsiness, that I wonder no manufacturer has struck the happy medium. Personally, I usually select what I must paradoxically call a "thin-thick" one rather than a "thick-thin," because I find that the rubber used for the thick kind is "cured" best. See that the "ears" (corners) of the pouch are well protected by an interlining of silk. Cotton is used for the cheap kinds, and it almost wears out while being looked at.

Cigar and cigarette-cases are best if curved to fit the body; otherwise, if flat, the contents are likely to be crushed in the pocket unless the case is thick and stiff, which is both clumsy and uncomfortable. Those who cannot afford silver cases might note that while metal suits cigarettes very nicely, leather is to be preferred for cigars. Perhaps the most useful of the latter is fashioned with good stout unyielding metal frames and clasp, and the body of kid or Russian leather, softly padded inside, and then lined with oiled silk.

Pipe-cases are a necessary evil to every pipe smoker, and an intolerable nuisance to a large proportion. The worst of the trouble is that pipe-case makers never move with the times; they are content to turn out the old stereotyped hinged thing, which breaks to pieces in a jiffy, and all its elaborate trimmings of leather, velvet, silk, and plush notwithstanding, is a frail, weak, miserable article, that always looks shabby. Of late the sewn solid leather case has come into vogue; but it is only suited for briar pipes. Meanwhile, the old hinged match-box continues, in all its variations, to hold us in its thrall. Why does not some inventor turn his mind to pipe-cases?

To keep the present apologies for pipe-cases in good order, a heated pipe should never be put into one, nor should any tobacco ash. Brush out the interior occasionally, and, once in a while, stick down the ragged edges of the exterior, which are sure to come sooner or later, with a little well-beaten egg white, and then, if the case is a black one, varnish it over with the remainder of the egg white, which has been blackened with a suitable quantity of good ink. Then let it dry naturally.

(Army Notes next week.)

A CLOTH CASE FOR THE EIFFEL TOWER.

Two Frenchmen appeared at a linen factory in Jaroslav, in the Volga, some time ago, and told the manufacturer that they were French Government Commissioners with an order for a cloth case in which to wrap the Eiffel Tower in winter.

They presented so many sealed documents and letters with the signatures of celebrated Frenchmen that the manufacturer swallowed their marvellous order and agreed to take the huge contract.

The "commissioners" required from him £250 as an earnest of his intention to turn out the tower's new clothes, and left him with directions that he should go to Paris at once to communicate further with the city officials and to measure the tower.

He went with several assistants who were to help him to determine the details of the undertaking, and thereby spent £80 more to learn that he had been swindled.

QUALIFYING FOR A CALLING.

A DISTINGUISHED Russian who took the culinary craze some thirty years ago, was a wealthy man, and having nothing to do, and a good deal of time to do it in, began experimenting in cookery. He went to Paris, put himself under a famous chef, and studied the art with the same zeal that a young sculptor would study his business in Rome.

When he had mastered all the French he then knew, he returned to Russia, set up a kitchen for himself and ran it for his own amusement. It was probably the most elaborate and expensive affair of the kind ever built. He brought rare edibles from all parts of the world, and pursued the work of getting them into the most palatable forms with much enthusiasm.

Nearly everything was wasted experimenting, but he succeeded in the course of time in inventing numerous dishes, now known to chefs and even ordinary cooks everywhere. He is said to have been the originator, among other equally important things, of the custom of serving certain kinds of wine with certain dishes—a custom now followed in every civilised country.

Having spent his entire fortune in these gastronomic researches, he was finally compelled to go to Paris and cook for a living.

CLARA: "Charlie Jackson prefers blonde girls."

Laura: "Indeed. I am quite a brunette, you know, and he is always very attentive to me."

Clara: "Probably because your income is fair."

"MA wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked, blandly, "Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them and get them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy."

"Be sure to get the same kind. A lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house, and ma doesn't want 'em to come again," the small boy explained.

"LAURA," said the young lady's mother, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last evening."

"It was solely for economy, mamma," the maiden answered.

"There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure."

"Well, that lessens the waist, doesn't it, mamma dear?" replied the artless girl.

And her fond parent could find no more to say.

The elasticity of the English language is perfectly astounding, if one may judge from the lengthy list of words which can be transformed letter for letter into other words. The winners in this competition, to whom penknives have been forwarded, are:

J. R. Livingstone, 201, Lorne Terrace, Mt. Lottur, Belfast; E. A. Head, 44, Rivers Street, Bath; J. Willis, Police Station, Town Hall, Bedford; P. Darby, 31, Winton Road, Aston Manor; Inspector Aikman, G. & S.W. Ry. Police Station, Greenock; W. P. Cottrell, J. Messenger, Place, Bridgnorth, Salop; G. H. Member, 31, William Street, Chapel Town, Kibb Vale, Mon.; J. McGullivan, Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh; H. Brown, Adlington, Chorley; Mrs. Rivett, Addington House, East Hill, Barnstable, N. Devon; John Earney, Brompton Hospital, S.W.; Miss Alice Pearce, St. Ann's Heath, Virginia Water, Egham; J. G. Blackston, 25, Westmoreland Street, Hall; J. Oliver, 7, Hatherley Street, Seacombe, Cheshire; J. Hobson, 15, Arboretum Road, Worcester; Miss A. Birkett, 12, High Street, Sandsh, W. Argos; J. C. Derry, Canon Fyon School, Hereford; Col. Sergt. Hill, 12 Suffolk Regt., Warley; Mrs. A. E. Bowden, 27, Coniger Road, Farnham, S.W.; T. Wilkinson, 14, Lytton Street, Liverpool; J. Wilson, 4, Orrell Lane, Walton, Liverpool; W. W. Wildmore, 25, Newgate Street, Worksop; E. Ebert, 1, Pemberton Road, Finsbury Park, N.; W. O. Mitchell, Shamrock Villa, Southam, Oxford; Bristol; G. W. Fidler, Whitelands Road, Ashton-under-Lyne, Manchester; J. Douglas, 112, Victoria Street, Grange-overlook, R.S.O., Yorkshire; G. Barham, 17, David Street, Ipswich; E. Arbuckle, Clonville Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; Miss C. Hallatt, 6, Barnley Street, Bridge Road, Stamford, E.; J. F. Nix, 4, Turpin Road, Rastbourne; C. W. Thomas, 14, Victoria Road, Finsbury Park, N.; W. J. Prettall, 25, Beechwood Terrace, Leith; E. Hewitt, Prince William Terrace, Northfield Road, North Liverpool; G. H. Richards, 19, Morley Road, Newport, Mon.; F. M. Albert, 24, Brixton Road, S.W.; T. Jones, 25, High Street, Grangeoverlook, York, R.S.O.; Mrs. Elmer, East Hall, 1, Miss Alice Shacklock, Warrington, Cheshire; G. Bond, 14, Bailey Street, Newport; Miss A. Hodgson, 6, Blackburn Road, Ormskirk, Lancs.; W. Grewar, Croft Street, Dalketh, N.B.; Miss Gertrude Brown, 15, Grosvenor Square, St. Paul's, Bristol; E. Johnson, 155, Brompton Road, S.W.; E. J. Taylor, 24, Bowles Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.; C. E. Coleman, 2, Wilkes Street, Finsbury; G. Farria, 2, River Terrace, St. Mary, Hants; Sergt. Major Goodenough, Bournemouth, Hampshire; Miss Archer, 3, Bridge Street, Witley, Chichester, Essex; Percy Grimwood, Lancaster Road, Ross Finchley, N.; J. Lavender, 24, Gladstone Road, Walthamstow; W. E. Moss, Kirkburn Mills, Peterhead.

Now First Published.

VALDAR THE OFT-BORN.

A Saga of Seven Ages.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Byrns of the Skies," "The Outlaws of the Air," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. I. P.

SUMMARY.

In the Prologue Valdar tells how he brought the Fates to Asgard of the Gods, and so ended the Golden Age, and how for this he was condemned to become a mortal, and wander alone through many ages on earth, and how Brenda, his beloved, vowed she would share his doom with him.

The fulfilment of his doom begins in Armenia, the land of the Children of the Sword. In the City of the Sword he finds Ilma, Queen of Armenia, whom he dimly recognizes as having known in some other world, or other state of existence. Amongst other incidents Valdar meets Nimrod in single combat. In the end Ilma and Valdar are overtaken by the Simoom.

Two thousand years after, Valdar awakes and finds only the crumbling dust of Ilma's bones by his side. At the new Nineveh he comes before Tiglath, and for the price of a splendid coat of mail and a sword like unto his own, he receives from Tiglath a beautiful girl, Zillah, the very likeness of his lost Ilma. Zillah is a twin-sister of Balkis, the Queen of the South, and has been betrayed by Balkis and sold as a slave. The two sisters meet at the court of Solomon; Zillah forgives Balkis and together with Valdar they journey home. Zillah marries Valdar, but on their wedding night Balkis slays her sister and takes her place. Valdar discovers what has happened, and just as he is about to slay the false Balkis, his arm stiffens, and he fades away into the mists of death.

In Egypt, after a thousand years, and in the presence of Cleopatra, the high-priest Amempsih brings Valdar to life again. He performs great deeds of valor in the momentous conflicts that Cleopatra brings upon the world. After many travels he witnesses the Supreme Tragedy on Calvary, and dies at the foot of the Cross recognising his lost love in her who comes forward from the throng.

At his next awakening Valdar is a follower of Mohammed, and Zoraida, who is killed in battle, is the re-incarnation of Brenda. When Valdar next awakes, in 1190 A.D., he meets with some sea-rovers from the north. He goes home to Ivarshelm with them and there meets Brenda the Lily, another re-incarnation of his lost love. In a fracas arising from his espousal of the cause of the White Christ, he kills one, Hrolf.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FOR CHRIST OR ODIN.

THE next thing I knew or heard was the deep voice of Jarl Ivar breaking through the din and crying:

"Up, up, there! He is my guest, and has the guest-right. Let him up, I say. What, half a score to one! Shame on you! Is that the way good Northmen fight?"

"Bind his hands and let him up," cried one of the crowd above me.

And then I felt my hands drawn behind my back, and tied together by the wrists. They dragged me up to my feet, and I stood in the midst of them, silent, and with clenched teeth and burning cheeks and blazing eyes, for this was the first time in all my lives that I had suffered the indignity of bonds.

"He has slain my blood-brother, and I ask the blood-right upon him!" roared a great half-naked berserker beside me.

"He has given the lie to our Lady Brenda," yelled another. "Let us take him to her feet and let her tell him what his weird is."

"That is thy right, Brenda, since Hrolf got his death through speaking for thee. What sayest thou?" said Jarl Ivar.

"Hold there!" cried young Ivar, ere she could answer, making his way through the throng towards me. "I claim his life, for he saved mine, as you all know, when the Saracens had me down under their weapons. If he dies I swear by Odin's glory that I will follow him to Valhalla, for never did a braver man draw sword than he, Christian or no Christian!"

"The Valkyries have not come for him yet, brother Ivar," said Brenda in answer to him, still in the same sweet, cold voice that had goaded me to madness before. "Bring him here, and let us hear what he shall say for himself."

So they pulled the table away from before her seat and dragged me to her, and would have forced me on my knees before her, but she said:

"Nay, nay, not that! He is a man, whether mad or sane, so let him stand like a man upon his feet."

So they let me stand, one of them holding me on each side, and so once more we faced each other, she cold and calm and stately, and I red-hot with rage and shame, my blood boiling, and every muscle in my body trembling with the fury that possessed me.

"Now, Valdar, well named Starkarm, what sayest thou? Wilt thou go to the Stone of Sacrifice and pay the blood-guilt thou hast incurred, or wilt thou own thyself my bondsman, and pay such other penalty as I shall lay upon thee?"

Had there been but the faintest smile on her lips or the lightest note of kindness in her voice, I could have knelt there bound before her, and given myself up to her mercy or her caprice, as the event might have proved it, but she looked on me as a queen might have looked on a slave, and her voice was as pitiless as it was sweet and clear, and as I listened the fierce flame in my heart blazed up hotter than ever, and I said:

"Though thy bonds were of silk and gold, and thy service the sweetest bondage that could fall to man, yet they should never make me serve thee. Take back thy bonds for thou wilt need stronger than these to bind Valdar with!"

And with that I felt all the strength of my body flow into my arms, and with one mighty wrench I burst the cord that they had tied about my wrists, seized the two who had held me by the hair and dashed their skulls together with such force that they dropped, stunned, to the floor.

Then I flung the broken strands of cord at Brenda's feet, and had already half drawn my sword from its sheath to

sell my life as dearly as might be, when a swift and wondrous change came over Brenda's face, and I saw that the soul that had known me of yore had awakened again, and was looking at me out of her melting eyes.



There was a hoarse roar of rage and a trampling of many feet behind me, but before I could turn Brenda sprang to her feet, and, spreading her arms out, cried in just such a voice that had rung from Ilma's lips in that old hall in Armenia:

"No, no, stand back all of you! He is my man, and I claim him. You have given him to me for his weird and I will have my right."

"And I will slay the first man that lays his hand upon my guest!" shouted Jarl Ivar, drawing his sword, and setting his back to mine, while I stood mutely staring at Brenda, wondering what marvel was going to happen next.

"Put back thy sword, Valdar, and hold out those strong hands of thine that I may see them," she said with so sweet a smile upon her pretty lips, and such a merry light dancing in her eyes that I obeyed as a child might have done, and put out my hands towards her close together with the palms upturned. Then with a motion of her hand, so swift that my wondering eyes could scarce follow it, she plucked a long shining golden hair, finer than the finest silk, from her head, and wound it thrice round my wrist saying:

"Now, Valdar the Strong, let me see thee break that as thou didst the cords."

I gave but one glance up into her sweet smiling face and then down I went on my knee before her, and raising my clasped hands above my head, said:

"Nay, that I cannot, for thou hast taken from me the will to do it. I am thy bondsman, Brenda, and this sweet bond shall hold me faster than fetters of forged steel could ever do, nor shall they ever be unloosed save by thy own dear hands."

"Then I will loose them now," she said, "for hands like these of thine look not their best in bonds, however light. So there, now thou art free!"

And with a touch so light that I could scarce feel it she took that slender thread of silken gold from my wrist. But before she could take her hands away I had caught them in mine; still kneeling I pressed them unresisting to my lips, and looking up at her again, said:

"Nay, not free, Brenda! for that I can never be again till the memory of thee and thy dear graciousness hath faded from my heart. I am thy man, as thou hast said, and shall be until death shall part us once again, so lay thy commands upon me and let me taste the sweetness of thy service."

"Then stand up, Valdar," she said, with yet another swift change of voice and gesture; "stand up and tell all here once more that the Saga of Valdar is true; that thou art he who, by the will of the Eternal who is above all Gods that men have dreamed of, hast come here from other ages to bring His greatest truth to us, and that I am she with whom thou hast clasped hands in other climes and ages, for the soul that awakened in me at thy words is now speaking through my lips, and he who says the words are truthless shall with the same breath call me a liar."

"And he who does," I cried, plucking out my blade and facing them beside her, "let him stand out there in the midst of the hall so that I may prove the truth of thy words upon his body!"

There was silence for a space, and they all stood there in a great, crowded semicircle on either side of the table staring at us, dumb with the wonder of what they had seen. Then out of the crowd there came a roar like the bellow of a wild bull, and Hufir the Berserker who had been Hrolf's blood-brother and had claimed the blood-right on me, sprang up on to the table, kicking the drinking vessels about him on to the floor, and began leaping and dancing and waving his big, bare blade above his head, and shouting at me out of his foaming lips.

"I am Hufir the Berserker, Hufir the Strong, Hufir the Valiant, Hufir the Unconquered! I have drunk the blood of better men than thee and torn out stouter hearts than thine. See, I spit at thee, thou lying teller of monk-tales. Come out and fight for thy White Christ and I will fight for Odin, and let us see which shall be worshipped henceforth in Ivarshelm."

"Thou drunken fool!" I laughed, not moving from my place, "go dip thy hot head in the sea and wash out that foul mouth of thine, and when thou art sober I will wring thy neck as I wrung Hrolf's, for a mad beast like thee is not worthy of good steel that has tasted the blood of kings and warriors."

"Beware, Valdar, beware! He hath the Bersark fury on him, and that gives him thrice his strength. Get thy shield and helm ere thou meetest him."

It was Brenda's voice, and as she spoke I felt the light pressure of her hand upon my shoulder. I felt it tremble through my mail, and I put up my left hand and clasped it, saying:

"Never fear for me, sweet lady-mine! If his madness gave him tenfold strength I would meet him bareheaded and without shield, and cut his ugly carcass into shreds before he touched me. Clear away the table there!" I shouted to the crowd, "and give me room to let the madness out of that braggart's blood."

"Weapon-place! Weapon-place!" went up in a shout from a hundred throats. "Christ or Odin! Let them fight! Let them fight!"

And half a score of them seized Hufir and dragged him down from the table, still howling and foaming in his fury. Then the tables were flung aside and a clear space made for us half the size of the great hall's floor.

"Bless the weapon, Brenda, as thou didst before Old Nineveh and in that fierce fight at Muta, and thou shalt see

what it will do for the White Christ and thy dear sake."

I held the golden cross-hilt up to her lips and she kissed it, and I kissed the place that had thus been thrice hallowed by her lips, and then, striding out towards the middle of the hall, I cried to those who were holding Hufir back:

"Let that wild beast go!"

They loosed him, and he came at me with a roar and a rush, his body bent half double, his head covered with his round brazen buckler, and his sword swung aloft. He made a swinging slash at me that would have well-nigh cut me in half if it had reached me, but I had fought too many fights for that. Ere the blade fell I sprang aside, and as he passed me I dealt him such a blow with the flat of my sword across his hinder quarters that he roared with the pain of it, and all who were looking on yelled with laughter at him.

He pulled up and came at me again, madder than ever, but this time with more method in his madness. I stood still to receive him, and he began hacking and hewing and thrusting at me, but never a blow or a thrust reached me, for such rude work was but child's play to one who had learned swordsmanship in the stern school of the Syrian wars. Wherever his blade fell there was mine to meet it, until at last it was so notched and blunted that it looked more like a worn-out saw than a sword.

All the while I had not spoken a word, and he had been roaring and gasping and panting with the stress of his own fury and the weight of the work I had given him to do. At last he held his battered sword above his head just a moment too long, and I made a slash at it just above the hilt and sent the blade rattling to the ground.

"Get thee another sword!" I said, laughing at his bewildered rage. "That poor reaping-hook of thine is worn out."

"Monk-magic! Monk-magic!" he yelled. "His sword is charmed and flies of itself to a thousand places at once. Let us see if he will cut this through!"

With that he ran to one of his fellows who was watching the fight leaning on a great double-bladed battle-axe. He snatched it away from him, dropped his buckler, and, swinging the axe high above his head with both hands, rushed at me again. I heard a shout of anger from the crowd about me and a low short scream from the top of the hall, and then, ere he could bring the axe down, I made a sideward sweeping slash with all the strength of my sword-arm, and the next moment the axe tumbled to the floor, with his two severed hands still gripping the haft.

Then, as he stumbled past me, I made a backward cut at his neck and sent his great ugly head rolling along the floor like a skittle ball to within a yard of Brenda's feet. Then a great shout went up from every throat, shaking the pine rafters of the roof, and my name rang from end to end of the hall as though borne on a thunder-peal, and when it had died away I stood out in the midst where Hufir's headless and handless body lay, and, putting my foot on it and raising my sword aloft, I cried:

"Now, is the White Christ that lives or the dead Odin your lord? Is there any other of you, jarl or youngling, sea-king or berserker, who has still a mind to call the truth that I have seen a lie?"

Then the wild shout broke out again, loud and long and deep, weapons were swung aloft, and cheer after cheer rolled up to the shaking roof-tree, and so, in such rude fashion, yet faithful to the manner of their time and race, did the men of Ivarshelm first hail the name of the White Christ and the truth that I had expounded to them with that good blade of mine.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW THE CROSS CAME TO IVARSHIELM.

I SLEPT well and sweetly that night after my hard day's work, and when the slave that Ivar had given me to attend to my wants had brought me my morning drink, as was then the fashion in the Northland, I sent him to inquire of Brenda's maids when I could have speech with her, and he came back and told me that she would receive me in the guest-chamber in an hour; so I got up and dressed myself in the suit of mail that I had bought in Venice, and tricked myself out in all the warlike finery I could find, and when the hour had passed I went to the guest-room, clad in chain and plate from head to heel, with vizor down and the broad sword of Armen swinging at my hip in a new scabbard of silver damascened with gold.

Behind me came the slave bearing that dainty suit of gold and steel and silver which I told you of a while back, with the silver shield and golden helm and the sword of fine Toledo steel.

When I opened the door of the guest-room and strode in, steel clinking against steel, and my iron-shod feet sounding loud on the floor-boards, Brenda was standing by one of the windows looking out seaward with Thora, Ivar's sister, and, saving only Brenda herself, the fairest maiden in the Northland. They shrank together, crying out half in jest and half in alarm, for neither of them had ever seen

It will be worth your while to make a special visit to your nearest newsagent's or bookstall every Thursday morning to inspect (and admire) the new designs for the cover of HOME NOTES, and to purchase a copy for your lady friend to read.

so strange and, as Brenda told me afterwards, so stately a warrior-figure as I presented.

Then I, going to them, dropped on one knee at Brenda's feet and, raising my vizor, looked up at her half gravely, half laughingly, and said to her, aping the courtly speech that I had heard the young gallants use in Venice:



"Sweet lady mine, thy true knight kneels at thy feet to beg a boon of thee."

"So it is thou, Valdar!" she said, laughing and holding out her hand, which I was not long in taking to my lips. "I thought thou wert one of those mail-clad knights who are going out of all the nations of Europe to fight Saladin and his Saracens for the sepulchre of the Christ. And, now, what is the boon thou wouldst ask?"

"Thine acceptance of a troth-gift which thy true knight hath brought thee from Venice in the South."

"So, a troth-gift!" she said, as the ready blood flushed into her cheeks. "It would seem that thou art as swift in love as thou art ready in battle, and, seeing that we met but yesterday morning—"

"And have been lovers for centuries," broke in Thora, with a laugh that swiftly died away into a whisper, as though she were awe-stricken at her own words. "Truly, yours has been a long, strange wooing, Brenda. Yet, if I were thee—"

"Thou wouldst not talk such foolishness, child!" laughed Brenda, again closing Thora's pretty mouth with her hand. "And now, good Sir Valdar—as I suppose I must call thee in thy knightly guise—though thy haste is somewhat unseemly, yet thou hast thy boon for the sake of the brave deeds of last night, albeit I might well find it in my heart to chide thy haste."

"And the troth-gift?" cried Thora. "Is it this that thy slave is carrying?"

"Yes," I said, rising from my knee, and displaying the glittering war-like finery before their astonished eyes. Then, as I showed them piece after piece, and explained its use, I told Brenda again, in gentle, loving words, how, in the days that were forgotten, she had ridden out with me mail-clad in her chariot at the head of the hosts of Armen, and how in a later age she had charged at the head of her war-maidens at Muta and Azzadin and Yermouk; and then, taking her two hands in mine, I told her of the resolve which until then had remained unspoken, and asked her to do again that which she had done before, and go forth with me to the Holy Wars and fight for our new faith as together we had fought for Islam in the days of its newborn strength and purity.

She heard me in silence, but with flushed cheeks and brightly-sparkling eyes, and when I had done she put her hands in mine again and said:

"This is a weighty matter, Valdar, and I must have time to take thought on it. Leave us now, and by midday thou shalt have my answer."

"And the suit of mail?" I said. "What of that? Is my poor gift rejected?"

"Nay," she said, laughing and blushing yet more brightly than ever. "Thou foolish knight, dost thou claim to have known me all these ages, and dost not see that, being a woman, I must first see how thy gift becomes me?"

And with that she pushed me towards the door, and so perforce I took my dismissal, and left the room followed by my henchman. From the guest-room I went to seek Jarl Ivar, and told him what I had done, and also the reason for which I had bought the five hundred suits of mail in Venice, and he, like an old war-horse starting at the sound of a trumpet, put out his hand without more ado, and said:

"Well thought of, Valdar! By Thor and Odin, that is a good thought of thine! And so it was not alone to see Lily of the Northland that thou hast made so much haste home? Yes, yes; it is not yet August, and there is time and to spare. There is no day like to-day, for to-morrow never comes. Our men are still all in Ivarshelm. In an hour they shall meet thee in the Thingplace, and thou shalt preach thy crusade to them, nor doubt that they will hear thee gladly if thou dost but tell them plenty of the loot that is to be found in Syria."

"Thou needst have no fear that I shall forget that," I laughed, as I shook his hand and left him.

The hour was scarcely sped before the Thingplace was alive with a great crowd of warriors all agog to hear the promised news, and when, with Jarl Ivar by my side, I strode into the midst of them and took my place on the mound in the centre, still clothed from head to foot in steel which blazed and glittered in the sunlight, weapons flashed out and hands went up, and cheer after cheer rang out, for it needed no words of mine to tell them that war was in the wind again.

Then Jarl Ivar made silence for me, and, pulling off my helmet, which I had left unbolted, I told them my errand in a few plain words, and asked them to take the Cross in token of their new faith, and come with me to Syria. Then when the shouts which answered me had died away I told them of my Eastern wars, and the treasures that stout hearts and strong hands could win in the golden East.

And last of all I told them that if five hundred would follow me I would give each a suit of mail and lance and sword and battle-axe, and buy a horse for him whenever we came to a convenient market, and, in a word, that the whole war should be waged at my expense, and all the booty shared as usual.

It was a bargain after their own hearts, and instead of five hundred I might have had two thousand, and I had scarcely finished before some of them had nearly come to blows in the rivalry for a place in my troop.

But suddenly their shouts and the noise of their

wrangling was hushed, and all eyes were turned and all hands pointed to the path that led down from the burgh. I looked round with the rest, and there coming down towards us was the daintiest shape of knightly beauty that mortal eyes had ever looked upon, all gold and steel and silver shewn from head to foot, with sword at hip and shining shield on arm. The shape came on silent amidst the silence, and took its place on the mound beside Jarl Ivar and me.

Then two daintily gauntleted hands went up and doffed the golden-vizored helmet, and there stood revealed Brenda the Lily, the loveliest maiden-knight in all the ranks of chivalry, blushing and laughing, and shaking her head till her long thick tresses, released from the confinement of the helmet, rippled in bright shining waves of gold over the glittering steel of her close-linked gorget.

Then you should have heard the shout of wonder and worship that went ringing up into the sky as she put her hand in mine and said:

"Now, Valdar, does my answer please thee? Hast thou still a mind to take me as thy companion-in-arms to the Holy War?"

"Aye, that I have!" I cried. "And, if thou wilt let me as something yet dearer even than a companion-in-arms."

"Nay, nay; of that anon!" she laughed, blushing rosier red than ever. "Thy wooing is too swift, Sir Valdar, and the maidens of the Northland are not won as easily as that. Now, tell me, how fares thy preaching? Will the men of Ivarshelm follow us to Syria?"

"All, all!" they shouted. "Weapon! Weapon! To the ships!"

And, like a pack of schoolboys let loose, those great stalwart warriors broke and ran, racing each other down to the shore, crew against crew, to get their longships first afloat, as though we were going to start for Syria that very day and hour.

But, though we made no such sudden departure as this, we lost but little time in preparation. That same day we had such trials of strength and war-like skill as Ivarshelm had never seen before, and from among the victors in them I and Jarl Ivar chose our troop of five hundred and fifty Knights of the Northland, as Brenda speedily christened them, five hundred to fill my suits of mail, and fifty to fill the gaps that death might make in our ranks. They were the very pick of the land—strong, stark, and skilled in every trick of arms and manly exercise, sailors and soldiers from their boyhood, and as much at home in the saddle as they were on the oar-seat of a long-ship.

The next day I taught them what little they needed to learn about their new armour and weapons, while Brenda and all the maids and matrons of the country-side made us white linen tunics with broad red crosses on breast and back to wear over our mail in token of our mission; and by the fourth day all was ready, and a fleet of fifty strong and stately long-ships lay on the rollers on the sloping shore, full-freighted and equipped, and needing but a thrust of willing hands to plunge once more into their element.

The morning of the fifth day had been fixed for sailing, and all Ivarshelm was out on the beach before sunrise making or watching the last preparations. As the sun rose over the great ring of eastern mountains and his earliest rays shot over the grey waters of the fjord, turning them to gold and sapphire, Brenda, who was standing beside me already clad in her travelling gear, suddenly took me by the arm and pointed out over the western fjord.

"Look, Valdar," she said; "what is that? Is it a happy and blessed omen for our voyage, or is it some real thing that is coming to us out of the west?"

I followed the direction of her pointing hand, and there, rising out of the water, I saw the shape of a great golden cross, flashing in the rosy light of the sunrise. Soon the others saw it also, and a shout, half of awe and half of wonder, rolled along the beach in greeting to the holy sign. But as it came nearer we soon saw the reality of the apparition. It was a little white-painted galley, rowed by twelve oars, and, instead of a mast, there was set up in the bows a great cross of flat planks, covered with thin plates of burnished brass, and it was this that we had seen blazing in the sun.

As it came on we saw that the rowers were monks with shaven crowns and coarse grey woollen smocks. They stopped rowing some fifty paces from the shore, and then there uprose in the bow beside the cross the tall figure of a monk, with the cowl thrown back from his grey fringed head and a long white beard flowing down upon his breast; and he, spreading his arms out wide, cried in a deep, rolling voice and in good monkish Greek and Latin:



"Kyrie Eleison! Kyrie Eleison! Benedicite in nomine Jesu Christi! Benedicite! Benedicite!"

"Who art thou?" shouted Jarl Ivar, going down to the water's edge. "Tell us thine errand, friend, in good plain speech that Northern ears can understand." And he paused for a reply.

Then the monk answered him in a tone that differed but little from ours, and said:

"I am Anselm of Lindisfarne, an unworthy servant of the

Lord, and bringer of His good tidings to you, which shall call you out of the darkness of heathenness into the glory of His truth."

"Then thou art welcome, Anselm of Lindisfarne!" shouted Jarl Ivar. "Come to land without fear. Thou wilt find us ready to receive thy teachings and take thy blessing."

"Kyrie Eleison! Kyrie Eleison! Christ is victorious! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, even the humblest bearer of His tidings!"

He half shouted and half chanted, crossing his hands upon his breast and raising his face to the sun, as the rowers took up his cry in a deep-toned chant, and the oars smote the water again and the boat leapt forward to the beach. A dozen of our fellows sprang into the water and bore Anselm ashore in their arms.

But no sooner were his feet down upon dry ground, and his eyes had rested upon me, than he made his way towards me through the press about him, and, standing half aghast before me, said:

"Thou art he whose vision in my sleep hath called me hither! I see the light of other ages in thine eyes. Who art thou?"

"I am called Valdar, who was Khalid the Sword of God, who was Teraf of Armen, who came from the stars in the days that are forgotten," I said, slowly and gravely, looking full into his eyes as I spoke. "Art thou another shape of him who stood with me on Calvary, for thy voice sounds to me like an echo of one that spoke to me there when the darkness fell and the thunder pealed the knell of the White Christ?"

"I know not, I know not!" he murmured, bending his head and making the sign of the Cross on his breast. "I have but dreamed what thou hast seen, thou highly favoured among men. Yet it may be—yes, it may be, for truly the ways of the Lord are full of mystery and beyond all fathoming."

"Yet the way of thy coming hither is plain enough," I said. "Thou hast a holy work to do, and here is the time and place to do it."

Then, to his wonder and delight, I told him the purpose for which we were gathered there by our ships on the beach, and when I had done he fell on his knees and, with hands outstretched and face upturned to Heaven, he cried, with streaming eyes and in a voice broken by sobs:

"Hosanna in the highest! Blessed be the name of the Lord, for He hath done marvellous things, and hath turned the hearts of the heathen unto His worship."

Then I mounted on the stern of one of the ships and told all there of the errand of the monk, and after that I put him in my place and bade him speak. And speak he did—till rude hearts melted in the heat of his burning words, and men shouted and women wept as he told in strong, simple speech the story of the Christ and the fate of His sepulchre.

When he finished there was silence, broken only by the splash of the little waves upon the beach, and men held their breath and looked at each other, with their hands gripping the hilts of their weapons.

Then a thousand blades flashed out at once, and a thousand voices shouted, fierce with new-born fervour:

"Hail to the White Christ! Hail! To Jerusalem! To Jerusalem!"

(To be continued.)

BEHOLD the felicitous father,
His daughter's wedding when at,
Supporting the bride to the altar,
And the bride and groom after that.

"HA, Dick, glad to see you! I've done the trick a last."

"How's that, Poeticus, my boy?"

"Road to riches sure this time. Newspaper run by women just started."

"Well?"

"Sent poetry in. Same old story—declined. Sent back—Worth £2; special price during the holidays, 10s. to clear stock. It went with a rush, and I've got a bargain day every week to dispose of a big supply."

A MOTHER has seven young children, all of whom are exceptionally bright. One of these, a four-year-old boy, showed great reluctance to attend church, and was constantly in disgrace when there. His mother tried every means to induce him to sit still in vain, until the little fellow said:

"Mamma, there's just one way I can keep still in church."

"What is that?" asked his mamma, eagerly.

"Just let me take off my shoes and stockings, so I can wriggle my toes, and I'll keep as still as a mouse."

MR. GRIFFITH'S LAST NEW NOVEL, — THE — OUTLAWS OF THE AIR.

Now on sale at Pearson's Weekly offices, and at all leading booksellers and bookstalls.

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THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR is considered by all who have read it to be one of the best of Mr. GRIFFITH'S works. It is profusely illustrated by EDWIN S. HORN, with a frontispiece by RAYMOND PORTER.

FICTION.

WITH APOLOGIES.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Make the dainty mud-pie
In the baby's hand.

Little sunbeams, sifting
From a home on high,
And the gentle zephyrs
Make the mud-pie dry.

Then the little baby,
Happy it will be;
Dolly'll have a party
Out upon the lee—

Kitty'll be invited,
And doggie will be there,
While baby will be seated
In her wicker chair.

Thus the little mud-cake,
Humble though it be,
Gives an hour to baby
Of sweet felicity.

A LEVEL-HEADED MAID.—Day was trembling on the edge of night.

The sun had dropped behind the hills, and splashed the sky with red.

For two hours Susan and Henry had been talking. Gentle reader, do you know what they were talking about?

No.
Suffice it to say, whatever it was, an amicable conclusion had been reached.

Susan was sweet-faced and tender, and the amethystine tints of the evening touched her face softly, and the fading lights threw a halo about her head. Yet she was no spring chicken.

But what odds?
Henry had passed all the years of his bachelorhood in apartments, and couldn't have told spring chicken from old hen.

He folded her to his throbbing bosom, and then slowly unfolded her.

"We shall be so happy," he whispered.

"Yes, Henry," was her murmured response, "and so harmonious. Whatever you say I shall believe now, henceforth and for ever."

"I can never be such a husband as you deserve, Susan," he almost sighed.

"No, Henry," she said, "I suppose not, but at my time of life I can't afford to be too particular. Come in and have some supper."

And Henry went in.

THE ELECTRIC DOG.—"Can I have a word in private with the man who looks after the 'Questions Worth Answering'?" inquired a rural-looking gentleman, anxiously.

"I am the man," responded the encyclopædia.
"I want you to help me out in something," said the stranger. "I live at Croydon, and the other day a hawker sold my wife an electric dog."

"Never heard of such a thing," observed the Questions man. "What is he like?"

"Well, he's like to break up the happy home if I can't stop him," said the stranger, earnestly. "Don't you know about such things?"

"I can understand how a battery could be placed so as to give awkward motion to the legs and tail, with carbon points to light the eyes," ruminated the philosopher.

"How does he work? Has he got carbon points?"
"I should rather think so, and the carbon points in all directions," returned the stranger, gloomily. "The hawker told my wife to pour vitriol in his ear, and she did. Friend, there isn't a whole stick of furniture left in my house, and the dog has got the place to himself. My family live in the coal cellar."

"That's strange," muttered the target for interrogation points. "The batteries must have got out of order. Can't you break the connection?"

"Just what I want!" exclaimed the Croydon man, brightening up. "If I could only break off all connection with the dog I'd give a five pound note to the Fresh Air Fund. Now, just tell me how it's done."

"You see," said the philosopher, leaning forward and scratching his head, "the influence of the battery on the magnets must be irregular. What does the dog seem to do?"

"The first thing he did when she loaded him was to go for a ham. Then he swallowed a pound of potatoes and drank nearly four barrels of beer. That goaded him to madness, and he turned loose on the furniture. Ate up everything. Nothing too good for him. Three cats, a parrot, and ten tame rabbits, beside a gas stove, two clocks, tables, chairs, wash tubs, and a grindstone. The prospectus pasted on him said he was warranted to take the place of the imperfect domestic animal now in

use. None genuine without signature! Beware of imitations!"

"The most remarkable thing I ever heard of!" ejaculated the encyclopædia, rumpling his hair. "Does he seem to shock you when you touch him?"

"He doesn't wait till we touch him for that. Besides, we can't get near him. He just goes from one end of the house to the other, and from top to bottom. His magnets must be irregular," and the stranger sighed deeply, and looked pitifully for some advice.

"That's what it is," murmured the Questions man. "There's some difficulty about the polarisation. You'll have to wait until the cells consume the acid, or else give him water and drown out the active principle."

"But he won't drink," protested the victim. "We put a tubful within his reach, but he snaps and barks at it and runs away. Feather-beds are the only thing that seems to slake his thirst. My wife says he's got hydrophobia, and she's mortally afraid he'll bite the children."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the philosopher. "There's something in that. Water won't combine with the vitriol in solution, and the sight of it makes the dog mad. What did you pay for the dog?"

"A pound, and I'll give ten to get rid of him."

"You got him cheap," said the Questions man.

"What do the plates look like?"

"He hasn't got any plates except what he's eaten. He's got hair like any other dog."

"I don't understand," muttered the philosopher.

"How heavy is he?"

"Weighs two or three pounds. He's only a pup. When he grows up, I'm going to call on the Duke of Cambridge for troops."

"You say he is covered with hair. What is he made of?"

"Flesh and bone, of course! What do you suppose a dog is made of?" retorted the stranger, contemptuously.

"Is he alive?" demanded the encyclopædia, with his eyes bulging out.

"He was when I left. D'you think I come here to ask you how to get along with a dead dog?" and the rustic flared up, ominously.

"And your wife poured vitriol into his ear?" yelled the professor of universal intelligence.

"Of course she did. The hawker told her he was an electric dog, and she was fool enough to believe it. I didn't know before how big a donkey my wife was until she began to think that a dog could be made to run by electricity. What I want to know is, how to get that vitriol out of his ear so that he'll calm down; but I'll go to some fellow who doesn't make a business of answering questions," and the Croydon man left without even smiling until he reached the pavement.

FIRST TEACHER: "I find it difficult to get through my work to-day; I have something in my eye."

Second Teacher (sympathetically): "A refractory pupil, I suppose."

A LITTLE girl in Manchester drank a pint of paraffin oil. The doctor thought she would die, until one of her relatives hit on a happy expedient. They slipped a yard of candle-wick down into the oil, lit the upper end, and during the evening she lighted the room nicely and then went to bed all right.

"MAMMA"—sorel colt gazes anxiously to his dam—"the chestnut filly wants me to run away with her the next time we go driving together."

He looked down shyly.

"What shall I say?"

The mare bridled up.

"Turn to her, my son, and whisper gently: 'Neigh, neigh, Pauline!'"

And with a horse laugh they resumed the discussion of their table d'ot.

TEN CYCLES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Competition No. 8.

THE LONDON CYCLE CORPORATION of COVENTRY and MANOR PARK, LONDON, E., are anxious to make their machines better known, and to this end have placed TEN "ADVANCE" CYCLES at my disposal, to be GIVEN AWAY to my readers, one each week, under what circumstances I think best.

The eighth Cycle is being given away under the following conditions:

In the first case each competitor must write to the Manager of the London Cycle Corporation, Manor Park, London, E., and inclose two stamps for their Art Catalogue of machines. Then compose four lines of verse, the last words of the lines to be respectively *load*, *wheel*, *road*, *feel*. The Cycle will be given to the sender of the best piece of verse.

Send this in to Pearson's Weekly Offices, together with the coupon to be found in the catalogue, and the number of the Bicycle you would like in the event of your success. It must be distinctly understood that no competition will be accepted unless accompanied by Coupon. A competitor may send in more than one attempt for the Cycle, provided that he forward a coupon with each.

Ladies may compete, of course, and select machines specially made for them. The machines are of the newest pattern, and complete in every respect.

Competition No. 8 closes on Tuesday, June 18th. Mark envelopes "Verse."

FACTS.

1,000 TONS of soot settle monthly on the 110 square miles of London.

SILK is so cheap in Madagascar that the poorest people wear clothing made of it.

WHEN Japanese oranges have the skin removed, the sections fall apart naturally.

ENDEAVOURS are being made to establish the Sabbatical year, one year's rest in seven, for school teachers.

A CIGARETTE smoker sends into the air about 4,000,000,000 particles of dust at every pull, according to Dr. Atkin's investigations.

THE ink used in printing Bank of England notes was formerly made from grape stone charcoal, now it is manufactured from naphtha smoke.

PROBABLY the most extraordinary journal in the world is published weekly at Athens. Its contents are written entirely in verse, even to the advertisements.

IN India the natives have no idea of time, but they have learned that trains do not wait for any one, so that great crowds are at the station hours before the time for a train to start.

A DOG's tailor flourishes in Paris. The tailor is a woman, and in her reception-rooms Prince Bow-wow has rugs, water-bowls, and biscuit-jars to refresh him during the trying-on process. Here are the daintiest water-colour pattern-books to choose from, and anything from sealskin to chamois is provided.

NARROW-CHESTED men will not in future be refused admittance to the Prussian army, but are to be measured monthly, and those whose chests are not widened by drill are to be discharged as predisposed to consumption. All are to be considered narrow-chested whose chests are less in circumference than half the length of their bodies.

IN South American waters mullet are taken in enormous quantities by boats which go out with wire baskets at the bows filled with blazing pitchpine. For the purpose in view, the craft is so loaded as to bring the gunwale on one side down nearly to a level with the water, and the fish, attracted by the light, jump on board by hundreds.

WITHIN the last two or three years French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railroad embankments with poppy seeds, as, when once established, that prolific plant covers the soil with a network of roots that prevent it from washing away during heavy rains, or from upheaval when frost is coming out of the ground in the spring.

A TRANSPARENT mirror glass, recently introduced in Germany, reflects light on one side, from which it is practically opaque, while from the other side it is transparent. It is proposed to use this type of glass for glazing windows in city residences, for, while it will not cut off light or vision from the interior, it will prevent outsiders from seeing into a room.

WHEN there is a thumping or knocking in a piece of machinery, it is often difficult amid the surrounding noises, to locate the one particular knock. Engineers make use of a rubber tube about a yard long, one end of which is placed in the ear and the other passed over the suspected spots. The vibrations from all other parts than the one covered being excluded, it is said to be an easy matter to locate a jarring noise, and when found to observe the intensity and periodicity with which it occurs.

THE manufacture of transparent leather is now carried on by a new process. After the hair has been removed from the hide, the latter, tightly stretched upon a suitable frame, is rubbed with a solution of glycerine and numerous acids, and afterwards placed in a room where the rays of the sun do not penetrate; it is then saturated with a solution of bichromate of potash. When the hide is dry, an alcoholic solution of tortoiseshell is applied to its surface, and the transparent effect is thus obtained.

THE crater of Popocatepetl contains thousands of tons of the purest sulphur ever mined. When Cortez and his soldiers visited Mexico, they needed sulphur for gunpowder and ascended the mountain for the first time in its history, the natives said. The natives who gather the sulphur secure small packages of it, which they fasten to their backs. They then slide down the snow on the mountain after the manner of the woodcutters of France. For this venturesome work they get about tenpence per day.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to June 25th, 1895, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 775.

Richard Paul

General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

"Why should we wait till to-morrow?" Don't. It would be foolish. You must remember that an edition of PEARSON'S LIBRARY is snapped up in a day, so purchase that delightful novel, A BITTER INHERITANCE, at once. Price Sixpence.

WHY HE DID NOT.

THE girl was very rich and the young man was poor but honest. She liked him, but that was all, and he knew it. One night he had been a little more tender than usual.

"You are very rich," he ventured.
"Yes," she replied, frankly. "I am worth three hundred thousand pounds."
"And I am poor."
"Yes."
"Will you marry me?"
"No."
"I thought you wouldn't."
"Then why did you ask me?"
"Oh, just to see how a man feels when he loses three hundred thousand pounds," and the girl smiled.

A PLEASANT HOBBY.

To those who have a knowledge of photography, and those who intend to devote their leisure to the pursuit of this pleasant pastime, the revival of the photoceramic art will come as a refresher, especially as ways and means have been discovered to render it a comparatively cheap hobby.

The editor of our enterprising little contemporary, THE PHOTOGRAM, the other day invited several of us to his office to see the various processes gone through in order to ornament porcelain or china articles by this method.

In the first place, the photo is taken in the ordinary way on a negative plate, and is then printed on to another plate of glass, which has been specially prepared with a very sensitive film. The photographic image is fully developed by a deposit of coloured paper put on carefully with an exceedingly soft brush, and when the picture appears in its true gradation the glass is coated with collodion.

The glass plate at this stage is put into a water bath, the film floated off on to the china tile or enamel plaque which it is intended to ornament, and after being dried and retouched, the article is placed in a "muffle" furnace and submitted to intense heat, so that when drawn out again the image is burned into the china, and is practically everlasting, for it is then protected, front and back, with a coating of molten glass.

For many years past this kind of work has been allowed to fall into obscurity on account of the great expense connected with the process, but it is now possible for anyone who wishes to devote his leisure to it, to do so at a small cost, certainly not more than from £5 to £10 being required as an initial outlay.

Dinner-sets, tea-sets, and the like may be made a source of everlasting interest by a clever operator, for the plates and saucers could be decorated with a photo of each member of the family, or some scene of special interest.

A BLIND MAN WHO BUILDS YACHTS.

MR. JOHN B. HERRESHOFF, the famous American yacht designer, is sixty years of age, and blind. He it was who designed the yacht, now in course of construction, which is to defend the American Cup in the autumn of the present year. Mr. Herreshoff has not been blind all his life. The trouble came on gradually when he was about sixteen years of age.

He is at his works every morning before nine o'clock. Without a second's hesitation he walks to his desk, takes out a bunch of keys, selects the right one in a flash, and throws open the desk. Its many pigeon-holes are filled with papers and documents of all kinds, and although he has never seen one, he can pick out any particular paper he may want, simply through memory and his sense of touch, which has been developed to a truly wonderful degree.

A secretary reads all the business letters to him, and Mr. Herreshoff dictates the answers. He is kept minutely informed of all the doings in the yard, and in this way he keeps a perfect picture in his mind of the workings of the whole vast establishment.

Mr. Herreshoff's method of planning inventions is unique. Sometimes for half a day he sits at his desk with his head resting on his hands, thinking. Great problems in mathematics he can work out in this way, and wonderful devices in mechanics are evolved without the aid of secretary, pen, or paper.

All the models of vessels to be built are submitted to him. His brother Nat invariably has a tiny model made on the lines to be pursued in the construction of a new craft, and this model is given to the elder brother. If the work is of extreme importance, like the building of a cup defender, the blind man sometimes sits for days rubbing his fingers lightly over the model, thus getting a perfect picture of the lines of the boat in his mind.

Many changes suggest themselves to him, and he works them out with mathematical precision to show their correctness. A few inches more of depth at a certain point may mean the added power of several hundred square feet of canvas, or the alteration of an angle even the fraction of a degree may reduce the friction, so that the speed of the craft is accelerated without injuring its heavy weather capacities.

THE GREEN HOUR IN FRANCE.

ABSINTHE, a name almost unknown in England, is, in its way, the national drink of France. The daily consumption is enormous. In fact, without any wish to overstate the case, the habit of imbibing this insidious green liqueur is rapidly assuming the proportions of a national curse. Like the craving for opium and other drugs, the taste when once indulged does not take long in transforming a harmless luxury into an absolute and undeniable necessity.

Men and even women become enlaved with almost incredible rapidity. The French are naturally a most temperate people. Spirit drinking, for the sake of intoxication, is quite unknown. Wine, the universal beverage, is seldom taken in excess. Absinthe, as a disguise for alcohol, has done more harm to France than can well be calculated. Absinthism is merely a refined form of alcoholism. The principle of the herb itself is most injurious, but it is the alcohol in which it is steeped that forms the real bulk of the drink and which is the real intoxicant.

Absinthe is an appetiser. Unlike spirits in England, it is not consumed at all sorts of odd moments, or even during meal-time. In nearly every town of France the green drink at the "green hour," as it is called, has become a special feature of the landscape. From 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. the little tables inside the cafés and standing on the pavements are crowded. Everyone is drinking absinthe.

The liqueur is almost invariably taken diluted with water. The green becomes a milky sage with lovely opal tints. In this country not one per cent. of the population take anything before a meal. When they do it is sherry and bitters or gin and bitters, and tossed off at a gulp. But absinthe is taken in tiny sips. Each mouthful has to be lingered over. One can feel it sending the sluggish blood coursing through the veins. The brain grows clearer. The world seems brighter. Life is made worth living.

As a rule, one glass alone is taken. This is considered the proper limit before lunch, and again before dinner. At first the liqueur is taken very weak, and, by-and-bye, the palate is captivated by the peculiar and exquisite fragrance, and it is taken stronger. The one glass becomes two. The occasional drinker blossoms into a regular observer of the green hour.

What the doctors fear most is women drinking. Refusing to dilute the liqueur at all, they consume it neat, with the most terrible result on the constitution.

"Alcoholism in general and absinthism in particular," says a specialist on the subject, "creates a special race, both from the point of view of the intellectual faculties and physical characteristics. This race may very well continue, with all its physical infirmities and vicious tendencies, for several generations. But exposed to every sort of accident and malady the race soon disappears. The family dies out. The question of chronic and hereditary absinthism is worthy of the highest attention of legislators, who, when they neglect it, incur an immense responsibility. It must always be remembered, however, that absintheised parents who transmit a taint to their posterity are not drunkards in our sense of the word.

"You never see them really intoxicated, and you seldom see them sober. They are in a constant state of tension."

It would be quite ridiculous, if it were not so sad, to notice how habitual absinthe drinkers dine later year by year. They wish to sit another hour before their second or third glass. It has even been declared that the comparative downfall of the Theatre in Paris during the last five years is due in great part to late dining, following late drinking in the afternoon.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.—Grocer (to boy): "What are you doing, James?"

James: "Puttin' sand in the sugar."

Grocer: "Well, that won't do. You must put the sugar in the sand, and then if a customer asks if we put sand in our sugar you can truthfully say no. You will find, James, as you acquire more business experience, that, in the long run, truth always pays."

"WILLIE," said his mother, "your clothes are wet; you've been in the water."

"Yes," said little Willie, bravely, "I went in and saved little Charlie Stebbins."

"My noble boy!" said his fond mother; "did you jump in after him?"

"No, mamma," said little Willie, proudly. "I jumped in first so as to be there when he fell in."

A FIRM of masons employed a hod-carrier, whose novel method of keeping account of his time was brought to light by a droll circumstance. He went one evening to his employer's home with the sad intelligence that he had lost his account-book. He said the pigs had got in and eaten it up.

"What sort of an account did you keep?" asked the employer.

"I had an empty barrel, and when I worked a whole day I put in a potato, and when half a day a half potato, and the pigs ate 'em entirely."

THE MAN WITH THE TOOTHACHE.

A MAN with the toothache doesn't care about anything else. The glories of the world pall on his taste, the wonders of creation seem as naught.

The tooth becomes a volcano of belching fury, and the rest of life hidden in a cloud of its billowing smoke. You can't borrow anything of a man with the toothache. You can't instruct and improve him. You tell him that the world travels at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute, and it doesn't startle him in the least. He simply groans.

You say to him, "My friend, there are stars so far off that their light has not yet reached this world," but he doesn't mind it. He only howls.

You tell him that some of the sun spots are 100,000 miles in diameter, and that one of them would take in Jupiter at one mouthful; but it is nothing to him. The toothache is neglectful of scientific truths.

MEN OF STONE.

AMONG the natural wonders of the South-Western States of America are the Superstitious Mountains, which loom up from the arid desert to the east of the Salt River Valley. These mountains are so curious that as long as Arizona has been settled the Indians would have nothing to do with them. In consequence, they are full of deer, ibex, bear, and other big game. The Superstitious Mountains rise out of the level surface of the desert, like the pyramids of Egypt.

On the crest of this unique range, and in full view in the rarefied atmosphere for an immense distance from the plain, are hundreds of queer figures, representing men in all attitudes. When you look first you are sure they are men, and when you turn your gaze again to them you are as absolutely certain of it as you can be of anything.

They represent ball throwers, outlooks, mere viewers of the country round about, men recumbent and contemplative, others starting on a foot-race, and in every conceivable posture and position. They are not real flesh and blood men, however—nothing but stone syenite—yet nothing can convince the Indians and some white men that they are not genuine. They say they are real mortals turned to stone, petrified by the peculiar condition of the air on the mountains.

This belief has grown out of an Apache legend, handed down for hundreds of years. They have it that an ancient chief, who had learned of the curious character of the Superstitious Mountains, forbade any of his people to go there. A large band, however, one day discovered a way to get in by a precipitous route, and finally reached the top. It resulted as the chief had said, and they never got down alive.

? ? ? ? ?

WHY haven't you sent along your subscription to the FRESH AIR FUND? The time has arrived when the babies are beginning to count the days that must elapse before their long-anticipated treat comes, and the money in hand is at present no more than we had at this time last year.

The Fund cannot possibly be allowed to go back. It has progressed rapidly in the past, and by some means or other it must be made to continue progressing.

The day has got to come when every poor child in our large towns will have a day in the country through the agency of the F.A.F.

I estimate that there are, at the lowest computation, a quarter of a million children who ought to be given this treat. Last year it was enjoyed by 75,000, so we have to multiply last year's total by nearly four in order to make the Fund fill its proper sphere.

Of course, there is no reason why it should not be multiplied by eight or by twelve; for none, I suppose, would grudge a little inhabitant of the slums a couple of brief visits to the green fields—a couple of opportunities of seeing the flowers and of hearing the birds sing?

Still, Rome wasn't built in a day, and I don't in the least expect that the F.A.F. will be able to do anything so grand as this for some years to come.

But it must keep moving up. Each year of its existence must be made to show something more accomplished than was done the year before.

If you have sent something in former years, be a good fellow, and send along again without delay. It is of great importance that we should know how we stand as early as possible.

If you haven't, why not let the needs of the little ones appeal to you? Why not smoke a cigar or two the less, or do without three or four drinks, and send enough along to gladden, if for but one day, a gloomy little life?

Don't be hard on yourself, for I assure you that in neglecting to contribute to the F.A.F. you are depriving yourself of real pleasure. If you don't believe me, try the effect of doing this little bit of good, and if it doesn't make you feel cheerier and brighter than you were before, I'll send back your donation out of my own pocket.

That's a fair offer, isn't it?

Let me remind your mothers, sisters, daughters, and lady friends generally that the first of the series of ISOBEL HANDBOOKS is now on sale, price 1s. Part I, entitled "Dainty Dishes for Slender Incomes," contains thousands of recipes, and is remarkably comprehensive and complete.

ANOTHER SUCCESS.

"THIS is my last drink," said the impecunious customer, as he opened a small paper and sprinkled a white powder into the liquid.
"Stop, stop!" cried half-a-dozen loungers as they ran towards him.
"Hands off!" he cried. "This is my potion." And he swallowed it at a draught.
"Now, potman, you can call in the coroner."
"Don't die here!" shrieked the potman; and he hustled the wretched man out into the street, and in five minutes had the place shut as tight as a bank.
Did the man die? No, he didn't. He slid round the corner laughing.
"It worked," he chuckled. "I wouldn't have believed it, but it worked like a mouse;" and again his mellifluous laughter floated out on the night air.

PLUCK REWARDED.

DURING the travels of an English officer, Captain White, in Cochin China, the then Viceroy gave him a magnificent tigress, 5ft. long and 3ft. high. On reaching Saigon, where he could buy dogs for almost nothing, he used to give his pet one of these animals every day. The dog was thrown alive into her cage. She would play with it for awhile, as a cat plays with a mouse, then her eyes would begin to glisten and her tail to quiver; she seized her prey by the scruff of the neck, and in a minute or two it was all up with the poor animal.
One day, however, a puppy, seemingly little different from the common herd of puppies, instead of tamely submitting to its fate, showed fight. It snapped at the tigress' nose, and bit it till the blood came.
The tigress, far from resenting the attack, seemed to treat it as a joke, and when the spirited little dog grew tired of the fun the tigress patted it as if it had been a cub of her own. Then the two lay down side by side and had a comfortable nap.
Thenceforth they were the best of friends, and, to humour this queer friendship, Captain White had a small hole cut in the tigress' cage that the puppy might go and come as it pleased.
If often took a trot abroad, but it always returned to its dog-devouring friend.
To test the tigress' affection a strange dog was offered it one day at dinner time, and was then hastily snatched from its hungry jaws and the puppy friend thrown into the cage. But, strange to say, friendship triumphed over the pangs of hunger—and that, not on this occasion only, but whenever the captain thought fit to repeat the experiment.

ELOPEMENT OF A FAT WOMAN.

Fat women ought never to elope. Such is the moral of a story that comes from Germany. We do not mean that any women of whatever size and weight ought to elope, but fat ones, at any rate after reading the adventures of the good lady of Essen, should certainly determine that nothing shall ever be allowed to shake their marital constancy. The lady in question left her home suddenly and disappeared. Her husband at once instituted inquiries, and discovered that she had got as far as Peeska, in Hungary. He addressed a telegram to the police at that place as follows: "Stop woman weighing 16 stone"—the only method that occurred to him of identifying his erring partner. The police at Peeska set to work to weigh all the obese women who passed through the town, and very soon the tell-tale scales revealed the identity of the runaway, who was promptly sent back to Essen. The erring eloper, had she known, could have removed fully one stone weight within a few days, which would, of course, have puzzled the police. We are not particularly interested in the comicalities of obese abasconders, but it is wonderful how, thanks to science, the shape of a stout person can be rendered unrecognisable by, say, the extraordinary loss of, in some cases, 7lb. a week. It seems to alter the contour of the figure entirely, especially in the case of an individual who has been under the new treatment and returning in a few weeks utterly surprises his friends on his reappearance. Both male and female seem to look younger. In the case of a lady of 36, she appeared after one fortnight's treatment to be able to pass muster in the latter end of the "twenties," while to a partial extent this youthfulness applies to the sterner sex. Another peculiar feature is that candidates for this clever "thinning" operation find their appetites increased, and eat more food, and yet their weight decreases. The explanation of all this is too much for us to enter into, but those who wish to learn how to get thin and shapely, and seriously, which is quite independent of all vanity, find a marked decrease of fat which had hitherto clogged the vital organs, should send for a cheap work, price four stamps post free, called "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, London, W.C.

The following are extracts from other journals:—

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN CORPULENCY.

A Mr. Russell, author and specialist in obesity, has experimentally tried the effect of administering large doses to moderate lean persons of his well-known herbal discovery, which is so marvellously effectual in reducing superfluous fat, with the result that there is not the slightest alteration or diminution of weight recorded, thereby proving conclusively to our minds that it is only the unhealthy adipose waste tissue which is destroyed, for after dispensing a few fluid ounces of his remarkable vegetable compounds—he succeeds in destroying the diseased fatty mass at the rate of from 2lb. to even 12lb. in seven

BURNT UP.

"I HOPE, sir, you will assist a poor man whose house and everything that was in it, including my family, sir, was burnt two months ago last Thursday, sir."
The merchant to whom this appeal was addressed, while very philanthropic, is also very cautious, so he asked: "Have you any papers or certificate to show that you lost anything by the fire?"
"I did have a certificate, sir, signed before a magistrate to that effect, but it was burnt up, sir, in the house with my family and the rest of my effects."
The tears ran out of the merchant's eyes from laughing as he handed over twopence.

THE DUST OF THE SEA.

THERE is a salt-dust which rises from the spray, and impregnates everything, even filling one's mouth with a saline taste.
While the sun shines this deposit, like the dew on land, is less active and perceptible; but to walk the deck at night is to become covered with a thin coating of salt-dust, so fine as to be hardly noticeable, but which in time becomes sufficiently crystallised to be obvious to the eye.
The officer who takes his night watch on the bridge will testify to this fact, and his cabin steward will tell you he has often to resort to something more potent than a clothes brush to cleanse clothing which has been exposed to sea dust.

SMITH: "You look unhappy. What's the matter?"
ROBERTS: "I have had a row with my uncle."
SMITH: "Had you lost the ticket?"

"GENTLEMEN," said he, "I am something of a sportsman, as you know, and fond of experimenting with new brands of powder. I once tested some that proved rather remarkable. I put in a fair charge and plenty of shot, and blazed away at a white target about a hundred feet away. When the smoke cleared I didn't see a mark on the target. This seemed inconceivable, for I flatter myself I can hit a three-foot target. I walked over and looked at it. Not a scratch on it. I filled a pipe, lighted it, and thought about it. It wasn't possible I could have missed so completely. Just then there was a little humming in the air, and a rattling on the target. I looked at it and found it all covered with shot. This was strange. It puzzled me. But at last the truth broke upon me. I scratched my head and remarked to myself, 'Great Scott, but that's slow powder!'"

days. There can be no ambiguity about it, for any person can test this for themselves by standing on a weighing-machine. He explains that all lean persons carry a certain amount of fat necessary for the natural production of heat in the body, but Nature has only stored up her requisite stock in the healthy system, which she most zealously guards, and thus declines to part with an ounce to the persuasions of Mr. Russell's vegetable tonic, however immoderate the dose may be, which testifies abundantly to the fact that it is only a chemical solvent of insalubrious adipose tissue. There is no doubt that the inventor of the composition must have possessed a profound vegetal knowledge in selecting this simple but peculiar combination.

Those who resort to the pernicious products of the mineral kingdom, or even the deleterious sections of the vegetable world, doubtless can do something powerful but injurious in its action; such, however, require no laudatory commendation; but Mr. Russell (we herewith append his address: Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," 256 pages, price 4d., stamps, post free), makes no secret of the simplicity of his treatment, and avers that the decoction can be drunk as a refreshing summer drink, pleasant to the palate, yet having sufficient effect, although perfectly harmless, to remove generally 2lb. or more in twenty-four hours. We think stout persons would do well to send for his book, which can be obtained at the address given above.—*Leeds Times*, December 1st, 1894.

SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known popular jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was perhaps indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeeds only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic troubles which will be difficult to overcome.

The Continental medics seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats in order that the appetite be appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says, "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2lb. to 12lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

"If everybody followed my example," announced an enthusiastic temperance advocate, recently, "every public-house in the city would close before the end of the month."
"How's that?" asked a rubicund-faced auditor, who had not before spoken.
"They would close from lack of patronage, sir. I never drink."
"I see. I can go you one better, though. If everybody followed my example every public-house in the city would close before next Saturday night."
"How's that?" asked the temperance advocate, eagerly.
"They would run out of stock!"

A FEAST OF DOLLS.

A PECULIARITY of Japanese shops is that only such goods are displayed as are appropriate to the season of approaching festival. Instead of displaying a general stock of goods, as do all shopkeepers in England throughout the year, as soon as the festival season is over, they are immediately packed up and carefully laid away for another year.

On the third day of the third month is the "Hina Matsuri," or, as it is generally called, the "Feast of Dolls." It is devoted to the girls, and is considered by them the greatest day of the season, and in years gone by was duly celebrated by all families with great pomp, ceremony, and preparation.

Most of the dolls on view are from three inches to eighteen inches in height, and dressed to represent some noted *daimio shogun* or some prominent personage of the feudal times. Many still keep up the custom, and many of the old families possess a stock of heirlooms in the way of dolls that date back many years. When a daughter has been born in the house during the previous year, a pair of images are usually bought for her, which she plays with until she is grown up.

When she marries, she takes them with her to her new home and gives them to her children, and each year she adds to the stock as her family increases, so in some families a great number are collected. They are made of wood, clay, porcelain, and some are most exquisitely dressed.

In all the shops are found complete sets of everything belonging to the house, either for cooking, eating, sleeping, or travelling. On the festival day all these are brought out and arranged upon an elevated platform, and offerings of saki, rice, candies and fruits are made.

in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning, but, on the contrary, he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No, the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get his book, the price of which is only fourpence. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is published by him at Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It can be had direct or through any bookseller.—*The Million*.

HOW TO CONCEAL OBESITY.

The stout lady is always asking what she shall wear in order that she may appear less bulky. She should not wear tight-fitting tailor-made suits; rosettes should never be worn at her belt, either at the back or front; no lace or ribbon ruffs about the neck, though a soft feather one is permissible if it have long ends. A short skirt will give a queer dumpy look, which is particularly undesirable. The hair should never be low on her neck; it should be high, and arranged with great smoothness. Strings of beads round the neck are prohibited, and if her fingers are short and fat even rings should not be worn. After all, this is only a makeshift, although large sums are paid by fashionable modistes for artistic designs and blendings in order to conceal *embonpoint*. What seems to escape the notice of the stout lady is the fact that the cost of the trickery with the dresses is more than she would have to pay for a real and actual reduction of weight. Thanks to modern chemistry, or rather botanical research, it is not unusual for a stout person to lose in weight 7lbs. in a week, and with a rapid return to perfect health, losing that oppressive feeling which troubles stout persons. As much as 4lb., in rare cases, have been lost in twenty-four hours. A stout lady, due to attend a garden party, say in a week's time, would show most perceptibly that she had reduced her weight, for when under Mr. Russell's treatment in particular the medicine first attacks the parts which are most prominently obese, and she would appear considerably attenuated without the aid of the dressmaker. Many ladies ruin their constitutions by living in a state of semi-starvation to keep their weight down. There is not the slightest necessity, for, notably, when under the treatment of Mr. Russell, the author of the well-known work, "Corpulency and the Cure," he frequently finds that the person eats more, although perhaps losing from 2lb. to 4lb. a week; and the decoction, which is absolutely harmless, is a most pleasant refreshing drink. As I may have interested lady readers, I send the address of the publishers of the little book, which only costs four stamps: Russell, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, London, W.C. You will find it interesting and useful.—*Derry Standard*, January 18th, 1895.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

In Peeling Lemons be careful never to cut any of the white skin, as it has a bitter taste, and quite spoils the flavour.

Restore a Gentleman's Coat to its usual colour by rubbing with strong spirits of ammonia. When cloth is very badly discoloured there is nothing for it but dyeing. (Reply to BESSBROOK.)

Try Mackerel Stewed with Mushrooms, taking care that both be very fresh. To serve, place the fish in the centre of the dish, arrange the mushrooms round, thicken the gravy, and pour over all.

Have all Children's Garments loose enough for comfort at the throat, arms, waist, and be sure to have shoes and stockings large enough for actual comfort. Children to be well and flourish should never wear garments which confine them in any way.

When Boiling Eggs do not place them in a saucepan and boil hard for three or four minutes, but stand in a saucepan of boiling water covered closely for eight to ten minutes. In this way the yolk will be cooked, and the white of a creamy consistency, which is perfectly digestible.

Grease Marks on Velvet may be removed thus: Procure a cake of pipe-clay and scrape a little of it with a knife over the grease spot, and let it remain an hour or two. Afterwards brush off with a soft brush. If the article is badly marked, I should send it to one of our large chemical cleaners, who will dress it and make it equal to new at a moderate cost. (Reply to CONSTANT READER.)

Apple Rolly-Poly. Overnight soak a quarter of a pound of dried apple chips, and stew them for one hour the first thing in the morning, adding sugar and lemon-peel to taste. Make a light suet crust and roll it out thin, spread it with the apple which should have cooled a little, roll in the usual way. Secure the ends by wetting the pastry. Tie in a floured cloth, and boil from one hour and a half to two hours. (Reply to C. W. W.)

A Useful Hair Wash. Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor, and pound finely in a mortar, pour over them one quart of boiling water. When cool, bottle for use. This old-fashioned recipe cleanses and strengthens the hair, if used frequently to wet the scalp. The camphor will form into lumps after awhile, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated to be of use. Please write to me when you need further information. (Reply to TOM BOX.)

Norwegian Fish Pudding will be found very excellent as a supper dish where economy is an object. Necessary ingredients: One good-sized dried haddock, one pound of potatoes, one egg, one ounce of dripping or butter, seasoning of pepper, a little chopped parsley, and some browned breadcrumbs all over it. Wash, peel, and boil the potatoes, and pass through a colander or masher. Place the haddock in a frying-pan full of cold water, and allow it to come slowly to the boil to extract the salt. Then skin the fish and chop it finely on a board, and mix with the potato in equal quantities. Add the dripping, pepper, parsley, and the egg, yolk and white beaten separately. Mix all ingredients well, and put into the mould. Bake from 20 to 30 minutes, and turn out to serve. Garnish with parsley and serve with melted butter.

A Pretty Dress of Uncommon Design is a thing for which mothers of little children are always asking me, and to these I would especially recommend the dainty little dress (No. 385, price 6s. 6d., for a child of 8 to 10) in my sketch from *Dressmaking at Home*, which is constantly showing pretty fashions for the rising generation. It is made on a yoke, and has a small zouave, extending to the under-arm seams. A pretty passementerie, ornamented with satin rosettes, edges this as you will see, and the cuffs are trimmed in a similar manner. With the warmer weather before us, this would look nice in one of the flowered or spotted delaines so fashionable.



Minced Veal is excellent when served with a border of well-cooked tomatoes. Cold veal will also make delicious croquettes, white stew, or savoury pie.

When Cleaning Lamp Chimneys which are very discoloured, wet a corner of your cloth with paraffin and rub the glass with it.

When Cooking Salt Meat, first wash it well in cold water, place in a saucepan, cover with more cold water, and bring it slowly up to the boil. Then simmer gently till the joint is cooked.

Tapestry Furniture may be cleaned by rubbing with hot bran, using a piece of new flannel. As the bran becomes dirty throw it away and use fresh. Afterwards brush the furniture well with a stiff clean brush. (Reply to A. T., Bloomsbury.)

When Bathing, on leaving the water I strongly advise my readers to rub themselves with a rough cotton or linen towel until the skin is heated. When dressed after the bath, take a brisk walk to quicken circulation. Those who feel weak after the daily dip will do well to take it within an hour of dinner or lunch.

Three Uses for Salt in the Household: Salt wetted with lemon-juice is an excellent brass polish. Salt, added to soap and starch, and well rubbed into mildew spots on linen and laid in the sun, will quickly remove all stains. Salt added to ammonia or benzine will remove grease spots on clothing.

When Broiling Meat over the fire never allow it to be smoked, or it will be spoiled. Have a good clear fire by the time you wish to broil, and throw on a handful of salt to deaden the flames that arise. Sometimes the dripping from the meat takes fire; should this happen, remove the meat for a few moments, but never try to blow out the flame, as it is a very dangerous experiment.

Moth in Stuffed Furniture is most difficult to eradicate unless all the stuffing be taken out, well picked over, all matted parts removed, and then baked for several successive nights in a baker's oven. Before using the stuffing again it should be carefully picked over, and plenty of powdered borax scattered in it. The wooden parts of the chairs should be wiped over once or twice with spirits of naphtha. I would caution my readers to only use naphtha in the open air, and, if possible, in the shade. (Reply to MAID MARY.)

Summer Stew. Take two pounds of leg of veal, cut it into cutlets, brown well in a very hot, dry frying-pan. Fry an onion, a carrot, and a little sliced apple, and add to the meat in a stew-pan, cover with a little good stock, and simmer slowly for an hour. Then add a pint of green peas and simmer till the vegetables are cooked. Arrange the meat on a long dish, strain off the peas, and pile at each end and keep hot. Return the gravy to the saucepan, thicken, season, and colour it, and pour round the meat. Cold cooked veal may be used for this dish, but it will need to be added to the peas when nearly cooked only, after having been fried a good brown.

Clean Straw Hats which are dirty and discoloured by the sun in this way: Procure a pennyworth of oxalic acid and pour over it a pint of boiling water. Brush the hat free of dust, and then with a piece of new flannel rub the hot oxalic solution into the straw, using an old brush also. When the straw is cleaned, rinse the hat by pouring water over it and dry in the shade. Before the straw is quite dry, press the brim on the wrong side with a heavy iron. To do this easily, hold the hat, so that part of the brim can rest on the edge of the ironing board, and turn it round so that all can be pressed flat by degrees. Be careful in using the oxalic acid not to let it touch any coloured stuffs, for it will stain them. (Reply to RIVER-SIDE.)

Isobel's Fashions for Children is the name of a new paper which I am bringing out on the 15th of this month. As its name shows, it will be devoted to little people's dress, and consequently should find favour in the eyes of the many mothers who read this page, and who are their children's dressmakers. In size ISOBEL'S *Fashions for Children* will closely resemble its sister, ISOBEL'S *Dressmaking at Home*, and like it, too, will contain each month a free paper pattern. A pattern of a frock for a little girl will be found within the pages of the first number. The designs in our new paper are by the best fashion artists, and, in fact, they are second to none. Paper patterns of all designs given in the paper are to be had from this office at our usual low rates. Let me ask you to second our efforts on your behalf by ordering ISOBEL'S *Fashions for Children* from your newsagent or from this office, price 1s. 6d., or post free 2s. 6d.

Isinglass forms a most delicate starch for fine lace, muslins, &c.

When Baking Crusts for patties, it is a good plan to place a square of stale bread in each, which prevents the top crust from falling flat, as it would otherwise do.

Alum Water should be used for rinsing muslin curtains and hangings, for it renders them non-inflammable. Dissolve two ounces of alum in every gallon of water, and use it just for rinsing after the curtains are partly dry.

Fried Kidneys are often tough and tasteless from over-cooking. To avert this waste of good things, follow my recipe: Parboil the kidneys, changing the water twice, and then cook them for a few minutes in salted water. Drain the kidneys on a cloth, wipe very dry, and divide each in two, leaving a hinge at the back. Heat some butter in a frying pan till quite hot, then place in the kidneys and cook, turning them often so as to brown evenly. Have ready some pieces of toast, pour the gravy, etc., over it, and arrange a kidney on each piece. Scatter finely-chopped parsley and lemon-peel over, and serve very hot.

To Wash Black Lace. Cover a wine-bottle with old soft linen, and wind the lace over it carefully so as to be quite flat. Make a lather of white soap and water; then rub the lace with it in lukewarm water with great care. Rinse the soap away in tepid water two or three times, and let the lace dry. The next day strain some good strong tea, dissolving in it a little gelatine or gum arabic, using about as much gum as you would sugar if you wished to sweeten the tea. Then rinse the lace in the tea, which should restore the colour, and when quite dry take off the bottle and press with a warm iron just where any crease is. Your good Maltese lace should be quite renovated by this treatment. (Reply to INVALID.)

Two Dainty Sweet Dishes. *Strawberry Custard* is not expensive when the fruit is plentiful. Place a dessertspoonful of arrowroot in a basin and moisten gradually with a little cold milk. Boil about three-quarters of a pint of milk and pour it over the arrowroot, stirring all the time. Pass one pound of strawberries through a sieve, and add to the arrowroot and milk. Whip one egg, yolk and white separately, to a stiff froth, and add to strawberries and arrowroot, sweeten to taste, and stir all over the fire till boiling. Take the custard from the fire, add six drops of cochineal, or more if the colour is not bright enough, and when quite cold pour into a glass dish. A variety in this dish may be made by pouring the custard, whilst still quite hot, over sponge cakes, arranged as for tipsy cake, in an ornamental dish. *Madeira Custard.*—Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine powder in a gill of milk, slice half-a-dozen good, sound bananas in another gill of milk, and simmer for ten minutes, pass through a sieve, add the gelatine, which must be quite dissolved, and the juice of half a lemon, with a little of the grated peel. Sweeten to taste with caster sugar, and stand till a little cooled. Whip half a pint of thick cream, add it to the banana juice, and beat up a little. Wet a mould, scatter chopped pistachio nuts over it, pour in the cream, and set till cold. The cost of these sweets is not great, and they make most dainty dishes.

Isobel

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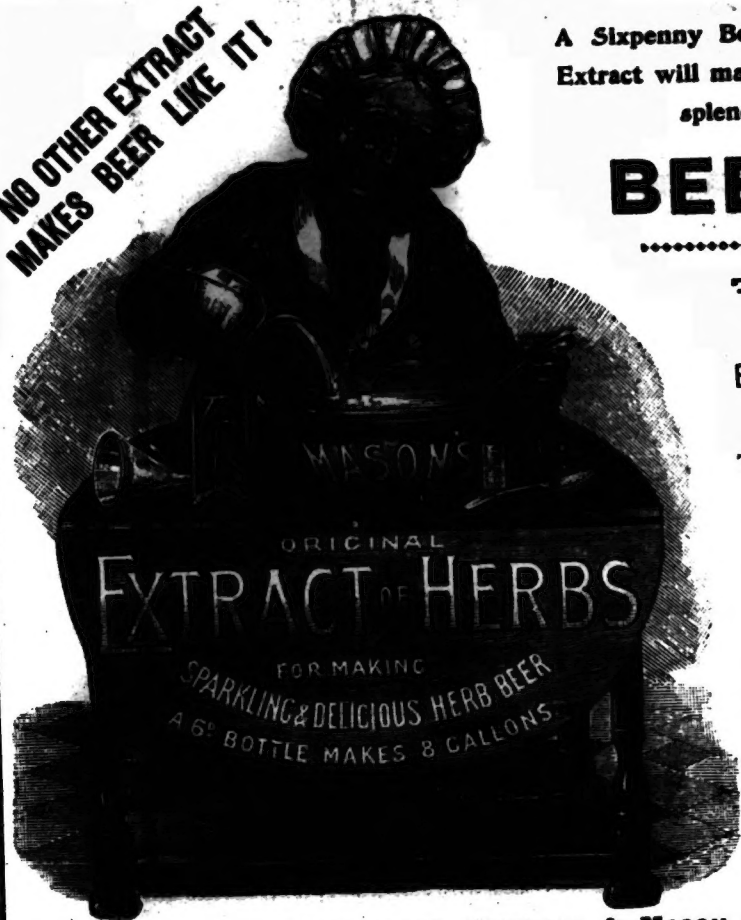
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THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of Pearson's Weekly only. On receipt of this advertisement, accompanied by Postal Order for 6/- or 74 stamps, we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address, one of our 7/- genuine SEAMLESS, WOVEN, REVERSIBLE CARPETS, suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered and woven in 30 different patterns and art colorings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sold as an advertisement for the goods of the British Carpet Weaving Company. Below the Actual Cost of Production. They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a specialty of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms; thus saving the Purchaser all Middle Profits. Over 200,000 sold during the past twelve months.

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Mr. H. Swain writes: "The Carpets I had from you nearly five years ago are in wear now, and are quite good, though they have had hard wear."

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Mr. E. Williams writes: "The two Carpets and Bags duly came to hand this day, and I must say that I am more than pleased with them. They are handsome, and I should say, very durable, the price being the astounding part. I shall have very great pleasure in recommending your house to my friends."

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ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.
Seamless, Woven, and Reversible, with Turkey Patterns and Colorings, Superior Quality, with Handsome Borders to Match, a Marvel of Excellence and Beauty.



SIZES AND PRICES.		Sale Former	
No.	ft. in.	price.	price.
		s. d.	s. d.
1	9 0 by 6 0	6 0	9 0
2	9 0 " 7 6	7 6	11 0
3	9 0 " 9 0	9 0	13 6
4	10 6 " 7 6	9 0	13 6
5	10 6 " 9 0	10 6	15 6
6	12 0 " 9 0	12 0	18 6
7	10 6 " 10 6	12 6	18 6
8	12 0 " 10 6	14 0	20 6
9	15 0 " 9 0	15 0	23 6
10	15 6 " 10 6	16 0	24 0
11	15 0 " 12 0	16 0	24 0
12	15 6 " 12 0	18 0	27 0
13	15 0 " 13 0	20 0	30 0
14	18 0 " 12 0	24 0	36 0
15	21 0 " 12 0	28 0	42 0

These Carpets are splendid imitations of real Brussels Carpets, the designs having been carefully copied from the originals, both as regards colourings and patterns, so that when in use it is almost impossible, except by close scrutiny, to detect the difference. They have gained a world-wide reputation for magnificence, cheapness, and utility, having no equal. All designs are registered, and deservedly considered works of art.

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THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO., 31, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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Makes the Hands White and Fair, the Complexion Bright and Clear, and the Skin Soft and Smooth as Velvet.